

CHILDSPLAY

003245

Written By  
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET - BAR - NIGHT

A lone WOMAN steps out of the bar. The neighborhood isn't too good. She's obviously a little drunk. Her features are hidden by her scarf and the darkness. She starts to walk down the street.

A black van turns the corner behind her and slows as it approaches, cruising along behind for several moments as though the occupants are checking her out.

The van stops. A man gets out behind her. His name is CHARLES LEE RAY. He's late thirties, cadaverous with deep sunken, mad eyes. He falls into step behind the woman. The van speeds up and passes her, turning the corner.

The woman becomes aware that she is being followed. She picks up her pace. Grinning, Ray picks up his. He enjoys this.

She passes an alley. He suddenly leaps forward, grabbing her and dragging her into it.

2 INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

He whips out a knife, holding it up to her throat, grinning at her. He has a speech defect that causes him to hiss like a snake, spit flecking the corners of his mouth.

RAY

Okay, bitch, show me what you look like.

The woman suddenly rips away her scarf revealing the hardened features of a man in his mid-thirties, MIKE NORRIS, New York City cop. He grins back at Ray.

MIKE

What do you think? Am I pretty enough for you?

Before the killer can react, Mike knees him. Ray drops to the ground, holding his nuts and groaning. Mike strips off the dress, shucking the high heels as he reaches into his purse for a pair of sneakers. He sighs in pleasure as he slips them on.

MIKE (Cont.)

God, that feels good --

Ray suddenly erupts to life, rising and slamming a garbage can into Mike. The cop goes down as the killer tears out of the alley.

3 INT. STREET - NIGHT

Ray races down the street and around the corner. Mike is right behind him, yelling into the Police Wire he wears.

MIKE

I've got him. Corner of Thirty-First  
and Third!

4 INT., COP CAR - NIGHT

JACK SANTOS, late twenties, Mike's partner, a New York City Italian, starts the car as he hears the words coming over the receiver on the seat.

5 EXT. THAT STREET - NIGHT

The cop car squeals away from the curb and tears down the street.

6 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

Mike races around the corner after Ray, pulling out his gun and yelling at the escaping felon.

MIKE

Stop!

Ray whirls on the run and snaps off a shot at him. Mike fires back, the bullet catching Ray in the leg. The killer goes down, scrambling back to his feet as Mike races down the street after him. Ray screams at the black van up ahead idling at the curb

RAY

Eddie, help me!

7 INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

EDDIE CAPUTO, thirty, a smaller washed out version of Ray, sticks his head out the window, glancing back at his partner. Ray is limping madly down the street, Mike racing up behind him.

8 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jack screeches around the corner in his police car, roaring down the street toward the black van, his bubble machine going, the siren wailing.

9 INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Eddie sees the cop car coming and forgets about his partner, laying rubber to get out of there.

10 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ray picks up his pace, running after the black van as it squeals away from the curb and tears down the street.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

RAY

Eddie, don't leave me!

But it's useless. The van has already disappeared around the corner, the cop car in hot pursuit. Ray looks back at the cop behind him. Mike is gaining fast. He fires a shot at him, forcing him to take cover behind a parked car. Ray ducks into a doorway. Mike looks up from behind the car, yelling to the killer.

MIKE

Give it up, Ray. It's all over!

In the doorway Ray ignores him, shooting the lock off the door and pushing his way inside. Mike leaps up from behind the car, diving after him.

11 INT. PLAY LAND TOY STORE - NIGHT

Ray limps down an aisle, Mike bursting through the door behind him. Ray turns and fires. Mike fires back, the bullet catching the killer squarely in the chest, a mortal wound. Ray spins, somehow manages to keep his balance, and staggers down another aisle.

Mike goes after him, skidding to a halt to find himself at an intersection of four aisles, all equally empty. Ray has eluded him. He begins to stalk him through the silent aisles, gun ready, toys staring down at him from everywhere.

Ray staggers down another aisle, holding his chest, mumbling to himself in growing desperation.

RAY

Got to find someone, got to find  
someone --

He stops, staring down at the spreading blood stain across his chest in horrified disbelief.

RAY (cont.)

He killed me.

He lifts his head, screaming into the darkness of the store.

RAY (Cont.)

You hear me, you asshole. You killed  
me. But I'm going to get you for  
it!

Mike stops in his aisle, whirling about, trying to figure out where the voice is coming from.

(CONTINUED)

## 11 CONTINUED:

RAY (Cont.) (o.s.)  
I'm going to get you and Eddie no  
matter what!

The voice dies off into silence. Trying to ignore what he's just heard, trying to repress the shiver running up his spine, Mike starts down the aisle again.

Ray staggers down another aisle, stumbling and falling. He pulls down a rack on top of him. He finds himself surrounded by dolls. "Play Pal Dolls, A Boy's Best Friend." the boxes read. Happy plastic freckled faces grin out at the killer from under cellophane coverings. Ray slowly grins back. He fumbles one of the boxes open, clamping his sweaty palm to the forehead of the doll, raising his voice in a ritualistic chant.

RAY (Cont.)  
Oh, Damballa, Sateria, Shango,  
Macumba --

In another aisle, Mike pauses and listens, the chant building in power.

RAY (Cont.) (o.s.)  
Give me your power so I can avenge  
myself on my enemies.

Mike grips his gun tighter and moves down the aisle, searching for the source of the chant while Ray lies on the floor in his aisle, his life blood slowly seeping away, his chant continuing to build.

RAY (Cont.)  
Laveau mercier du bois chaloitte  
secoise entienne mais pois de morte!

## 12 EXT. STREET - TOY STORE - NIGHT

Huge black clouds suddenly start roiling in the sky, thunder booming and lightening crackling. It seems to be centered directly above the toy store.

## 13 INT. TOY STORE - NIGHT

Mike pauses, staring out the window. Rain is beginning to pour down, a terrible wind whipping down the street, lightening flashes turning night into day. He tries to ignore it, following the sound of that terrible chant.

Ray lies in his aisle, his chant still building, his palm pressed hard against the forehead of the doll.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

RAY  
Morteisma lieu de vocuier de meu  
vochette --

Mike stops in his aisle, turning toward the windows as the thunder outside reaches a deafening crescendo, almost as though it's keeping time to the chant he is hearing.

In his aisle, Ray continues his chant, screaming it out.

RAY  
Edenlieu pour du boissette Damballa!

He finishes in a gurgle of blood.

14 EXT. STREET - TOY STORE - NIGHT

A huge bolt of lightening snakes down from the storm clouds, striking the toy store in an explosion of electricity and light.

15 INT. TOY STORE - NIGHT

Mike throws his hands over his head and dives for the floor as the windows implode, a million shards of glass flying directly toward him. A huge wind howls through the store, overturning racks and scattering toys up and down the aisles, burying Mike beneath flying debris. It's as though a storm from hell is suddenly inside the store.

Then as suddenly as it came, it dies away, dropping off to nothing, the store alarm ringing, the fire sprinklers going off, and the emergency lights snapping on covering Mike in a harsh white glow. He struggles to his feet and runs down the aisle, jumping over the debris, trying to find Charles Lee Ray.

He turns a corner and skids to a halt. Ray lays on the floor dead, surrounded by piles of dolls. There is something horribly disconcerting about the killer even in death. Mike stares at him, trying to figure it out. Then he realizes what it is. Ray wears a big shit eating death mask grin.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (AND CREDITS ROLL)

The City is in the grip of a gray Wintry day. All is still at this hour. The tinny sound of an early morning tv cartoon show is heard.

LITTLE BILLY'S VOICE (OVER)  
I've got no friends. No one will  
play with me.

## 17 EXT. WEST EIGHTY- SEVENTH STREET - DAY

It's a a nice, quiet street of modest rent-controlled five and six-story apartment buildings. The tv show is coming from a front apartment on the uppermost floor of one of the buildings.

PLAY PAL'S VOICE (OVER)

Hey, cheer up!

LITTLE BILLY'S VOICE (OVER)

Who are you?

## 18 INT. BARCLAY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's the top sixth floor apartment in the building, messy in a nice lived in way. A handwritten "Happy Birthday, Andy!" banner is strung across the ceiling and on the coffee table there are two gift-wrapped presents, one large, the other small. There is a fireplace in the corner and a tv against the back wall. On the tv a very poor, B quality animated Play Pal show is in progress.

The Play Pal animated doll on the screen wears a rainbow colored shirt, blue overalls, and red sneakers. He also has a huge, permanent, freckled grin on his face. We have seen this doll before. It is the same doll Charles Lee Ray chanted over as he died. He stands before an animated little boy who has been crying. The Play Pal gives him his big grin.

PLAY PAL

I'm your Play Pal. I've come from the Play Pal Clubhouse. I'll be your friend to the end!

LITTLE BILLY

You will?

ANDY BARCLAY, six-years old today, pops his head out the doorway to the kitchen, watching the tv. He's an average looking kid with unruly hair and eyes as big as saucers. He also wears worn Play Pal Pjs that have the same colors as the Play Pal's outfit. Andy's face sags in disappointment.

ANDY

Oh, I saw this one.

He disappears back inside the kitchen as the Play Pal and Little Billy skip down the cartoon street together, the Play Pal jingle playing, child's voice singing "When you're down and feeling blue, Plat Pal will always be there for you!"

## 19 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Andy is dividing his attention between making breakfast and trying to watch the Play Pal show on the tube.

(CONTINUED)

## 19 CONTINUED:

He pops some bread in the toaster and dumps brightly colored Play Play Sugar Loops cereal into a bowl. A picture of a Play Pal is on front of the box. The cereal goes spilling all over the counter. Andy places the bowl on a tray and pours milk into it, sloshing it over the sides, hardly aware of the mess he is making as he listens to the show in the other room.

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)

That's right, boys and girls, always  
remember, your Play Pal will be  
your friend to the end. Now stay  
tuned for a very important message.

Andy dives for the door to see what the announcer is talking about. Behind him the bread begins to burn in the toaster.

## 20 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Andy sticks his head out the door, the cartoon segues into a live action commercial, a brightly painted tree-house appearing on the screen. Birds chirp loudly. A sign on the tree reads "Play Pal Clubhouse; Members Only!" Inside the tree house is a dream world for little boys. Baseball gloves, model airplanes, pirate ships, toys of all kinds abound. Sitting in the middle of this magical clubhouse is a Little Person dressed just like a Play Pal doll. Beside him sits a thirty inch tall Play Pal doll that looks just like him.

PLAY PAL

Hi, Play Pals. Boy, have I got Play  
Pal news for you. Now you can have  
your very own Play Pal doll. That's  
right, you can have all the  
adventures we have on tv in your  
very own home.

He picks up the Play Pal doll.

PLAY PAL (Cont.)

Play Pals say three different  
sentences. We even turn our heads  
and blink our eyes when you talk  
to us.

He shoves a soft spot on the back of the doll's head, turning to it with a question.

PLAY PAL (Cont.)

Isn't that right, friend?

The doll in his hands suddenly comes alive, his eyes snapping open, his head turning to look at the live action Play Pal.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

PLAY PAL DOLL

Hi, I'm Oscar, and I love you.

Andy stares at the doll, his eyes widening in wonder.

ANDY

Wow!

Behind his head, smoke drifts through the door from the kitchen. He smells it and dives back inside the kitchen.

21 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He grabs the toaster, shaking it. The toast pops out. It's burnt to a crisp, still smoking. It doesn't bother Andy. He slathers it with butter, the tv still going in the other room.

PLAY PAL (o.s.)

Every Play Pal has a name all his  
own so he can be your very own  
special friend. So remember to tell  
Mom and Dad you want a Play Pal.  
Perfect for birthdays or just any  
old time!

Andy's ears prick up. He hurriedly plops the toast on the tray, picks it up, and heads for the living room.

22 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andy whips into the living room, stopping above the coffee table, looking at the big gift wrapped box sitting on it. His eyes snap from the box to the tv, the Play Pal and the doll still on the air, the little boy mentally comparing the size of the doll on the tube to the size of the box on the table in front of him.

PLAY PAL

Think what fun we'll have cause  
you and me will be friends to the  
end.

He and the doll both break up laughing, the commercial disappearing to be replaced by a newscaster.

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER

Now for the seven o'clock news  
break.

Andy whirls, dashing for the hall with the tray in his hand, calling out to his mother.

ANDY

Hey, mommy!

23 INT. HALL WAY - DAY

Andy hurries down the hall the tray bouncing in his hands, the milk from the cereal bowl sloshing over the sides onto the burnt toast and soaking it. The announcer's voice follows him down the hall.

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER (o.s.)  
Charles Lee Ray, the Bayside  
Strangler, was shot and killed  
shortly before three A.M. this  
morning --

Andy never hears it, calling out again to his mother.

ANDY  
Hey, mommy, wake up!

He disappears through the door into his mother's room.

24 INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

He plops the tray down on the night table before a bundle of sheets in the bed. Andy leans over, hitting the clock radio. Easy listening F.M. comes on. The bundle stirs and a hand flops out, but that's all. Andy shakes it. (AND CREDITS END)

ANDY  
Mommy, wake up.

Slowly the other hand lifts the sheet and KAREN BARCLAY, Andy's mother, peers out. She's a nice looking woman around thirty. She cracks a sleep-filled eye at the clock.

KAREN  
Andy, it's six-fifteen in the  
morning.

ANDY  
It's a beautiful day outside.

He pulls the curtains. Wintery sunshine spills into the room. Karen blinks, shielding her eyes with her hand, looking at him.

KAREN  
I'm sure it's lovely. How long have  
you been up, birthday boy?

He looks at her, hopping back and forth from one foot to the other, hardly able to contain his excitement.

ANDY  
Since forever. Here, I made you  
breakfast in bed.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

He pushes the tray across the bed toward her, sloshing even more milk and cereal out of the bowl.

KAREN

You did? Well, thank you --

She looks down at the tray, her sentence trailing off. Cereal and milk swim all over it. She picks up a piece of the soggy toast. It crumples in her hand. She turns to Andy, keeping a straight face.

KAREN (Cont.)

That's very sweet of you. Tell you what, I'll eat it later.

She suddenly comes to life, grabbing him, hugging him tight and tickling him. He squirms in her arm, laughing happily as she gives him a big kiss.

KAREN (Cont.)

Happy birthday, pumpkin.

ANDY

Thanks. Can we open my presents now, mommy, can we, can we?

She smiles, letting him go as she sits up, putting the tray on the bed stand and searching for her slippers.

KAREN

Sure, just let me find my slippers

--

ANDY

Whoopee!

He's gone before she even has a chance to slip the first one on.

25 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He races into the room, skidding to a halt before the biggest present, staring down at it, his mouth almost watering. Karen enters a moment later, tying her robe.

ANDY

Can I open this first, can I, can I?

The tv is still going with the newscaster talking away.

NEWSCASTER

Eddie Caputo, Ray's accomplice, was captured by the police six blocks from --

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

She turns the sound completely off, leaving the newscaster to mouth the words silently on the screen. She doesn't give the tv a glance as she turns to Andy.

KAREN

Don't you want to start with the smaller present first?

He looks up at her, shaking his head emphatically. She can't help but smile.

KAREN (Cont.)

Okay, go ahead and open it.

He tears into it with a vengeance, his face filled with expectation. It suddenly falls as he pulls back the top and finds himself staring at three pairs of sturdy blue jeans. Karen doesn't notice at first.

KAREN (Cont.)

I couldn't find another box to put them in, but they should fit you

She pulls a pair out, holding them up to his waist, measuring the inseam with her eye. That's when she notices his face.

KAREN (Cont.)

What's wrong, Andy?

He turns away, trying to hide his real feelings.

ANDY

Nothing. They're great.

KAREN

(smiling)

Ah, you wanted toys, didn't you?  
Not boring old clothes, right?

He turns back to her, his face lighting up with renewed hope.

KAREN (Cont.)

Well, here, open this.

She hands him the smaller package. He looks at it skeptically. No way a Play Pal doll would ever fit in this. He tears it open anyway. Inside is a Play Pal lunchbox with the doll's smiling face grinning up at him. Karen looks at him expectantly.

KAREN

Well, what do you think?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

Andy turns to her, trying to smile, but not quite making it. He can't really hide his true feelings from her.

ANDY

It's really neat, mommy. Thanks.

He gives her a hug and a kiss. When he pulls back, she's studying his face.

KAREN

Neat? Is that all it is? Just neat?

ANDY

No. It's super duper neat.

KAREN

That's better.

She returns his kiss only to see his little face has turned grave.

KAREN (Cont.)

What's wrong, Andy?

ANDY

(studying his shoes)

Nothing.

KAREN

Come on, tell me.

ANDY

This is my first birthday without him, isn't it?

That freezes her. She stops, looking at him. Than she nods sadly.

KAREN

Yes, it is.

ANDY

Why can't he be here?

KAREN

(gently)

I told you, he's up in heaven.

ANDY

I don't want daddy up in heaven.  
I want him here!

He suddenly whirls, running out of the room and down the hallway. She rises, hurrying after him.

26 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

He races into his room and throws himself on his bed, burying his face in his pillow. Karen enters a moment later, sitting on the bed and stroking his head.

KAREN

I'm sorry, sweetheart. I miss him, too.

Andy looks up from underneath his pillow toward a framed picture on his bureau. Karen's gaze follows his. The picture is of Andy, Karen, and Andy's father, BOB, all three smiling at the camera and waving, obviously very happy together. He was a pleasant looking sandy-haired man.

Karen suddenly comes alive, trying to break the mood.

KAREN

Tell you what, Andy. How would you like a Play Pal for Christmas?

He turns to her, brightening.

ANDY

I'd love it.

KAREN

Then that's what you'll have. Your very own Play Pal for Christmas. I promise.

ANDY

Oh, thanks, mommy!

He gives her a great big kiss, suddenly pulling back, looking at her gravely.

ANDY

How long away is Christmas?

Karen grins in spite of herself, giving him a great big hug.

KAREN

It'll be here before you know it, Andy. It'll be here before you know it.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

It's midday, the City jammed with tourists and workers, everybody hurriedly going about their business.

28 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - KITCHEN WARE SECTION - DAY

Karen is busily checking stock as her best friend, MAGGIE PETERSON, rushes up to her. Maggie is a bit older, mid-thirties, with a raspy voice and a sharp sense of humor.

MAGGIE

Karen, you know that doll you wanted for Andy, the one that cost over a hundred bucks?

KAREN

A Play Pal?

MAGGIE

Yeah, whatever you call it. There's a peddler in the alley behind the store selling stuff and I think he's got one.

KAREN

What would a peddler be doing with a doll?

MAGGIE

Who cares? Grab your purse and come on. We can get a deal on it.

KAREN

But I can't leave the cash register

--

MAGGIE

Do you want the damn thing for Andy or don't you?

KAREN

Of course, I do --

MAGGIE

Then come on --

She grabs her arm, dragging her toward the service stairs leaving Karen just enough time to grab her purse and shout to a fellow worker.

KAREN

Dave, would you take over for me for a few minutes?

The too well dressed clerk nods as Karen and Maggie disappear down the service stairs.

## 29 EXT. ALLEY IN BACK OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The two women emerge from the back service entrance into the alley and stop before a PEDDLER just as a couple of other female employees turn away, costume jewelry in their hands. The Peddler is of indeterminate age, toothless with the ruined face of a dedicated alcoholic. He has a duffle bag full of stuff thrown over his shoulder.

Maggie looks at him.

MAGGIE

Go ahead, show her.

He pulls out a Play Pal doll. It grins up at her from its cellophane covered box, its freckled face and buttony blue eyes just dripping good cheer. Although Karen doesn't know it yet, this is CHUCKY. The box is crinkled and out of shape, stained with water damage.

Maggie turns to Karen.

MAGGIE (Cont.)

Well, is it a Play Pal or not?

KAREN

(nodding)

Yes. Yes, it is.

MAGGIE

See, I told you.

(back to the Peddler)

How much?

The Peddler measures Karen's excited face with a mixture of shrewdness and greed.

PEDDLER

Thirty dollars.

MAGGIE

(snapping right back)

Ten and not a penny more.

PEDDLER

Twenty.

MAGGIE

Are you kidding me. That thing's not worth twenty —

Karen digs in her purse.

KAREN

That's all right, Maggie. I'll pay it.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Hold on. How do we know the damn  
thing works?

PEDDLER

Do you want it or not? If not, I'll  
find someone else to buy it.

KAREN

Here --

She offers him the money. He snatches it out of her hand,  
thrusting the Play Pal into it.

PEDDLER

Done. May it bring you and your  
kid a lot of joy.

He throws his duffle bag over his shoulder and starts down the  
alley for the street. Maggie stares after him.

MAGGIE

Hold on. How do we know the damn  
thing isn't stolen?

The Peddler flips her the bird without breaking stride.

PEDDLER

Up yours, lady --

Maggie looks after him, making a face.

MAGGIE

I think I dated him.

Karen grabs her arm, dragging her back inside the store.

KAREN

Oh, Maggie, Andy's going to be so  
happy --

30 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - KITCHEN WARE SECTION - DAY

Karen and Maggie emerge from the service stairs into the  
Specialty Kitchen Ware Department to find the floor manager, MR.  
CRISWELL, waiting for them. He is a small fat man with very clean  
fingernails. He's tapping them on the counter as the ladies  
approach.

MR. CRISWELL

Mrs. Barclay, so nice of you to  
drop by. Have a nice break?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

KAREN

I'm sorry, Mr. Criswell. I was only gone for a minute --

Maggie steps forward.

MAGGIE

Have a heart, Criswell. We were just downstairs buying her little boy a birthday present.

MR. CRISWELL

We have specified break times for activities like that, Miss Peterson.

(back to Karen)

Mrs. Howe has taken sick and we're short handed tonight. You'll have to fill in for her.

She glances at her watch.

KAREN

I can't. I have to pick Andy up at the day care center in an hour.

MR. CRISWELL

I'm sorry, but this is an emergency.

MAGGIE

I'll take over for her.

MR. CRISWELL

Miss Peterson, you work in shoes, not kitchen supplies.

(back to Karen)

You'll just simply have to do it, Mrs. Barclay. You can take off at five, but you have to be back at seven.

KAREN

(glancing at her watch)

But I'll never get a baby sitter at this hour --

MAGGIE

Don't worry. I'll watch Andy for you.

KAREN

Oh, would you, Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

Sure. Why not? It's the hottest  
date I've had in months.

MR. CRISWELL

(dryly)

I can't imagine why.

(to Karen)

Thank you, Mrs. Barclay. Both I  
and the store appreciate it.

He turns and waddles off. Maggie watches him go, muttering under  
her breath.

MAGGIE

Asshole.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Karen steps through the gate into the playground, stopping to  
watch several children playing tag under the supervision of their  
young teacher, MRS. WATERS. Andy sits alone against a fence,  
staring out at nothing. Karen walks over to the teacher.

KAREN

Hello, Mrs. Waters. How's Andy been  
today?

MRS. WATERS

Just fine.

Karen turns to look at her son sitting all alone. The sight  
obviously troubles her. Mrs. Waters turns kind eyes on her.

MRS. WATERS (Cont.)

It takes time to recover from the  
death of a parent, Mrs. Barclay.  
But that's all he needs, time.

Karen smiles at her gratefully.

KAREN

Thanks, Mrs. Waters. I need a little  
reassurance every now and then.

She walks over to where Andy sits, stopping above him.

KAREN (Cont.)

Well, hello, champ. Ready to go  
home?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

ANDY

Sure.

He dispiritedly climbs to his feet, puts his hand in hers, and starts to walk across the playground toward the street.

KAREN

How was your day?

ANDY

Okay.

KAREN

You have your new lunch pail?

He lifts his birthday present, the Play Pal lunch pail.

ANDY

Un-huh.

They exit the play ground into the street.

32 EXT. STREET - DAY

They walk down the street toward her not very new Honda. Karen glances down at him mischievously.

KAREN

I may have something to go with it?

Andy looks up at her with sudden interest.

ANDY

What?

KAREN

You'll have to wait till we get home to find out.

ANDY

Where is it?

KAREN

In the tunk of the car.

She opens the front door for him, but he makes no move to get in. He's too busy staring at the trunk, wondering what's under it.

ANDY

Is it a Play Pal, mom? Is it, huh, is it?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

KAREN

You'll have to wait till we get home to find out.

ANDY

Aw, mom --

KAREN

The faster we get home the faster you'll find out.

He leaps inside the car, scooting across the front seat to make room for her. She climbs in after him and takes off down the street at a good clip.

CUT TO:

33 INT. BARCLAY APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DUSK

A key turns in the lock and Andy bursts through the door. He turns to Karen expectantly as she enters.

ANDY

We're home, mom!

KAREN

I know, darling.

She turns to him with a smile and a kiss, pulling an oblong gift-wrapped package from the brown paper bag.

KAREN (Cont.)

Happy Birthday again, Andy.

ANDY

Wow --

He whirls, racing down the hallway into the living room with the gift. Karen smiles, taking off her coat before following him.

34 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

She enters, sitting beside him on the couch as he finishes tearing off the last of the paper, revealing Chucky's face smiling up at them through the cellophane top of the box. Andy's face lights up.

ANDY

A Play Pal. I knew it, I knew you'd get me one!

He pulls the doll out of the box, holding him up for Karen to see.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

ANDY (Cont.)

Look at him, mom, just look at him.

KAREN

Well, show me how he works.

Andy pushes the soft spot on the back of his head. Gears whirl and Chucky's baby blue buttony eyes snap open. Andy looks at the doll, talking to him.

ANDY

Hi, I'm Andy. What's your name?

Chucky's head swivels toward Andy, obviously mechanically drawn by the sound of his voice. The doll replies in his high-pitched little voice, his lips badly out of sync with his words.

CHUCKY

Hi, I'm Chucky, and I'm your friend  
to the end. Hidey ho, ha-ha-ha.

Karen looks at the doll, a bit startled.

KAREN

Well, isn't he something.

Andy looks at the doll adoringly, doing a perfect imitation of his voice.

ANDY

Yeah, I'm your friend, too. Hidey  
ho, ha-ha-ha.

Karen looks at her son in some surprise.

KAREN

Where did you learn to do that?

ANDY

From Play Pals. Oh, mom, thanks!

He throws himself into her arms, giving her a big kiss. She kisses him back, the two of them laughing happily. There is a sudden knocking at the door. She disentangles herself.

KAREN

Here, you play with Chucky. I'll  
be right back.

She rises, heading for the hallway.

35 INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

Dusk is turning to night as she stops before the door. She turns on the light, unlocking it to find Maggie standing there.

KAREN

Maggie, come on in.

Maggie steps inside. She has a gift wrapped package under her arm. Karen glances at it as she closes and locks the front door.

KAREN

Is that for Andy?

(Maggie nods)

You shouldn't have, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Nonsense. What else am I going to do with my money. How did the doll go over?

KAREN

Just great --

Andy bursts out of his room, running down the hallway, and skidding to a halt before Maggie. He holds up his doll.

ANDY

Aunt Maggie, look what mom gave me.

She leans down, looking at Chucky, pretending she's seeing him for the first time.

MAGGIE

Look at him. He's big, isn't he?

ANDY

(nodding)

He talks and everything.

MAGGIE

He does?

KAREN

(to Maggie)

You're not going to believe this doll.

Andy turns to Chucky.

ANDY

Say something to Aunt Maggie, Chucky.

Chucky turns and he looks at Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

CHUCKY

Hi, I like to be hugged.

They all laugh.

MAGGIE

Well, he certainly does talk,  
doesn't he? Look, another birthday  
present for you.

She hands her gift to Andy.

ANDY

Thanks, Aunt Maggie.

He gives her a great big hug and tears into his present. Maggie  
throws a look at Karen.

MAGGIE

Why can't all men be that nice?

ANDY

Oh, mom, look!

He pulls out an automatic battery powered squirt gun that looks  
just like a real AK-47 scaled down to a child's size. Karen  
turns to Maggie.

KAREN

Oh, Maggie, why did you have to  
give him a gun of all things.

MAGGIE

Hey, it's a cold cruel world out  
there. He'd better start learning  
how to defend himself now.

(to Andy)

Right, Tiger?

ANDY

Right! Bang, bang, bang --

He starts playing make-believe, like he's shooting Maggie. She  
throws up her arms and staggers back against the wall like she's  
been hit.

MAGGIE

Oh, no, you got me!

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

Maggie, would you stop it --  
(she glances down at  
her watch)

Oh, no, quarter to seven. I'm going  
to be late for work.

She grabs her coat, talking as she puts it on.

KAREN (Cont.)

There's left over stew on the stove.  
I've made some salad. It's in the  
fridge.

MAGGIE

We'll be fine. You just sell those  
kitchen wares and make Criswell  
happy.

KAREN

(smiling at Maggie)  
You're a real friend, you know that,  
Maggie.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I know. Even if I do like  
Rambo better than Mr. Rodgers.

Karen bends over and gives Andy a goodbye kiss.

KAREN

Now you be good and do what Aunt  
Maggie tells you. I'll be home as  
early as I can.

She steps for the door when Andy suddenly holds Chucky up.

ANDY

What about Chucky? Don't you want  
to kiss him goodnight, too.

KAREN

(smiling)  
Sure. Goodnight, Chucky.

She gives the doll a kiss and slips out the door. Maggie locks  
it behind her. She turns to Andy.

MAGGIE

Well, what do you say? How about  
some Irish stew?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

CHUCKY  
(suddenly piping up)  
Hey, wanna play?

ANDY  
Yeah, let's play!

He runs down the hall with Chucky and the squirt gun, making shooting noises as he goes.

ANDY (Cont.)  
Bang, bang, bang --

He disappears into the living room, Maggie staring after him wistfully.

MAGGIE  
Ah, to be young again.

She disappears into the kitchen.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dinner is finished, Maggie at the sink doing the last of the dishes. Over her shoulder through the doorway into the living room Andy can be seen sitting on the floor in front of the tv, playing with Chucky and his squirt gun. He wears his worn Play Pal PJs.

37 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy drops the gun, picking up his Slinky, and entertaining his doll with it.

ANDY  
Wanna see how my Slinky works,  
Chucky? You just do like this --

He runs it from hand to hand, ignoring the tv as suddenly the show is interrupted by a news break.

NEWSCASTER  
Eddie Caputo, reputed accomplice  
of Charles Lee Ray, the Bayside  
Strangler, has just escaped from  
the Thirty-Fourth Precinct jail.  
More details on the eight o'clock  
news next.

Chucky's head suddenly turns and stares at the tv. Andy looks at him, running the slinky from hand-to-hand.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

ANDY

Hey, Chucky, you're not watching me.

Chucky's eyes stay glued to the tv for an instant too long, almost as though he's watching it, and then he turns to Andy.

CHUCKY

Hi, I love you.

38 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggie is just finishing drying the dishes when she glances at her watch. She yells over her shoulder.

MAGGIE

Time for bed, scout.

Through the doorway, Andy can be seen turning to Chucky.

ANDY

Come on, Chucky, we got to get ready for bed.

Maybe the doll says something, maybe it doesn't. The tv in the next room drowns it out, but Andy can be seen stopping as though the doll's said something to him and then leaning over to listen to him. Then he straightens, looking through the doorway at Maggie in the kitchen.

ANDY

Chucky wants to watch the nine o'clock news.

39 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MAGGIE

(smiling to herself)

Sure he does.

She finishes off the last dish, drops the towel, and goes into the living room.

40 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She snaps off the tv, scooping Andy up in her arms, and heading for the hallway.

MAGGIE

Off we go, little man.

He suddenly comes alive in her arms, squirming and kicking, reaching back for Chucky left on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

ANDY

Chucky!

MAGGIE

Oh, yes, Chucky --

She does a one-eighty, grabs the doll off the floor, deposits him in Andy's arms, and carries both of them into the hallway.

41 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She carries the whole kit and caboodle down the hall toward Andy's bedroom.

MAGGIE

And now, young man, it's brush your teeth, and under the covers with you.

42 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She drops him on the floor, Andy clutching Chucky. She looks down at him gravely.

MAGGIE

Agreed?

Andy nods, equally grave. Maggie smiles, tousling his head.

MAGGIE (Cont.)

Good. Yell when you're ready for me to tuck you in.

She turns and leaves. Andy stares around the room, Chucky in his arms. He looks down at the doll.

ANDY

This is my room.

He walks the room, pointing his things out to the doll as he goes.

ANDY (Cont.)

That's my train set and this is my electric car. And this is my baseball bat and jar of marbles and there's my bicycle. Those are trainer wheels.

He stops by the framed photograph of himself, his mother, and father on the bureau.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

ANDY (Cont.)

This is mom and my dad, Bob. He  
died in a car wreck, but mom and  
I loved him very much.

He walks over to a fish bowl where a lone goldfish swims.

ANDY (Cont.)

And this is Ralph. He likes to swim.

He sets Chucky down on a chair, and heads for the door.

ANDY (Cont.)

Okay, you stay here while I brush  
my teeth and change.

43 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Andy comes out of his bedroom, down the hall, and into the  
bathroom.

44 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggie looks up from stacking the dishes, yelling over her  
shoulder.

MAGGIE

You brushing your teeth, young man?

45 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Andy yells back, his mouth full of toothpaste.

ANDY

Yes, Aunt Maggie.

46 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MAGGIE

(smiling)

Good.

She heads for the fridge to put the milk away when suddenly the  
tv blasts from the living room. She freezes, turning, looking  
toward the door into that room. She slowly steps for the door.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She steps into the living room to find the tv on, tuned to the  
eight o'clock news. Chucky sits in front of the tv almost as  
though he's watching it.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

NEWSCASTER

-- police say Caputo escaped from  
the jail bus on the way to his  
arraignment. A massive search has  
begun --

Maggie steps forward, clicking the set off. She picks up the doll  
and heads for the hall.

48 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

She appears in the doorway behind Andy just as he finishes  
brushing his teeth. She holds the doll up.

MAGGIE

Well, young man, what do you have  
to say about this?

He looks at her blankly.

ANDY

About what?

MAGGIE

Come on --

She grabs his hand, pulling him out of the bathroom.

49 INT. HALL - NIGHT

She leads him down the hall toward his bedroom.

MAGGIE

You have to learn when I say  
something, I mean it.

ANDY

What'd I do?

50 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She comes through the door, carrying him and his doll over to the  
bed. She drops them both there, staring down at Andy.

MAGGIE

You know very well what I'm talking  
about. Turning the tv on and putting  
Chucky in front of it when I told  
you it was time to go to bed.

ANDY

I didn't do that.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Oh, no? What did Chucky do? Walk into the living room and turn it on by himself?

ANDY

No, I guess not --

MAGGIE

You better know it. Now under the covers. Hurry.

He crawls under the covers, trying to protest.

ANDY

But, Auntie --

MAGGIE

You heard me. Under the covers and not another word.

ANDY

But I didn't put Chucky in front of the tv --

MAGGIE

(shushing him)

Shhhh. Enough already. Good night, Andy. And happy birthday?

She bends over, giving him a goodnight kiss. He looks up at her, seeing it's useless to argue.

ANDY

Goodnight, Aunt Maggie.

Maggie turns off the bedlamp and leaves the room, closing the door softly behind her. Andy turns to Chucky.

ANDY (Cont.)

I told you she'd be mad at you if you watched the news.

He gives Chucky a good night kiss, turns over, and goes to sleep, Chucky next to him in bed. The doll stares blankly up at the ceiling overhead. A moment passes and suddenly his eyelids slam shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. STREET - BARCLAY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

It is later now, fewer lights on in the apartment building. A cold wind begins to whistle down the street.

## 52 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie sits in the dark room, the tv on low, reading a book by the narrow light of a table lamp.

## 53 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door to Andy's room cracks open a couple of inches. Someone stares out of the darkness down the hallway. The tv can be dimly heard in the living room.

## 54 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie looks toward the partially open window, the rising wind outside giving her the shivers. Pulling her sweater around her, she rises to close the window.

## 55 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door to Andy's room suddenly cracks open further and someone darts out, racing down the hall. It's too dark to see who it is, but we see from his point of view. Whoever he is, he isn't very tall. Perhaps Andy's height, perhaps a little shorter. It's hard to tell. From this perspective the entire world seems quite huge. Whoever it is stops by the open doorway into the living room, peeking around the corner. He sees Maggie seated on the couch, her sweater pulled over her shoulders, trying to ignore the whistling wind outside as she reads her book.

He darts across the doorway.

## 56 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie whirls, looking toward the doorway into the hall just in time to catch a glimpse of someone flashing by. The blur of colors are just right for a Play Pal outfit like the PJs Andy wears.

MAGGIE

Andy?

No answer, just silence. Thinking it must have been her imagination, she goes back to reading her book.

## 57 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Whoever he is grabs the chair from the phone table and drags it as quietly as possible across the floor till it's directly underneath the door. He climbs up on it, reaching for the lock to open the door.

## 58 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie hears the click of the lock and whirls, staring into the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE  
Andy, is that you?

No answer. She puts down her book, rising and moving toward the doorway.

59 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She steps into the hallway, looking toward the door to Andy's room. It is open a bit. She turns, looking the other way, gasping at what she sees. The chair from the phone table has been moved to underneath the door. She walks down the hall, stopping by it, trying to figure out what is going on. She tries the door. It opens. The lock has been turned. She reaches up to relock it when she suddenly hears something crash to the floor behind her. She spins, staring through the doorway into the kitchen, the unlocked door forgotten for the moment.

60 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She steps into the room, flipping on the light. A sugar bowl lies broken on the floor, the white powder spread across the linoleum. She looks at it, mumbling to herself.

MAGGIE  
Now how did that happen?

The wall phone suddenly rings behind her, making her start. She whirls, grabbing it.

MAGGIE (Cont.)  
Hello.

61 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - KITCHEN SECTION - NIGHT

Karen stands by the cash register, talking into the phone.

KAREN  
How's Andy?

MAGGIE'S VOICE (OVER)  
Karen?

KAREN  
Sure. Who else would it be? Is Andy okay?

62 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggie stares down at the broken sugar bowl.

MAGGIE  
Yes, fine.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

KAREN'S VOICE (OVER)  
Is something wrong?

MAGGIE  
No, I guess not.

63 INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

KAREN  
You don't sound too sure. You all right?

MAGGIE'S VOICE (OVER)  
Fine. Something strange just happened, that's all. I'll tell you about it when you get home. See you then.

The phone goes dead in her ear as Maggie hangs up.

64 INT. KITCHEN - BARCLAY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maggie bends down, starting to clean the sugar up.

65 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Something moves behind the garbage can in the corner. Maggie freezes, then slowly rises, looking at it. It's a large can, almost big enough to hide a small boy Andy's size.

MAGGIE  
Andy, if that's you behind there,  
I'm going to paddle your behind  
red --

She suddenly leaps forward, grabbing the can and pulling it away from the corner. She finds herself staring at a small mouse. It's as terrified as she, scurrying away while she watches. She laughs at herself, shaking her head.

MAGGIE  
What's wrong with me? I'm scaring  
myself half to death --

She turns toward the kitchen counter, suddenly freezing, all the color draining from her face as her expression turns to one of the deepest horror. She screams.

MAGGIE (Cont.)  
No!

A heavy glass rolling pin smashes her across the face, blood flying as she stumbles backward toward the window, her arms windmilling wildly as she tries to keep her balance. She hits the glass, going through it with a scream.

66 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

She comes flying out the window in an explosion of breaking glass, screaming as she falls the six stories to the ground below, her body slamming into the top of a car with such force that it blows the front windshield and all four side ones out.

A moment passes and then the murder weapon, the rolling pin, comes flying out of the window smashing to smithereens across a hop scotch court laid out so carefully in nice white chalk on the sidewalk.

A few moments pass and then Andy appears in the window, Chucky in his arms, staring down at Maggie's body below.

ANDY

Aunt Maggie --

DISSOLVE TO:

67 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A Honda drives down the street.

68 INT. HONDA - NIGHT

Karen peers out her front windshields. The front of her building has turned into a circus. Cops and plain clothes detectives stand around, squad cars parked at odd angles, their bubble gum machines going like crazy. An ambulance disappears down the street with its siren blaring. Karen pulls to a halt before the building.

69 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

She hops out of her car, racing for the lobby.

70 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator opens and she hurries down the hall. The front door to her apartment is open, the doorway choked with police officers, some in uniform, some in plain clothes, moving in and out. She pushes her way past them.

KAREN

Pardon me --

Jack Santos blocks her way.

JACK

I'm sorry, ma'am, you can't go in there --

KAREN

I live here!

She shoves him out of her way, disappearing into her apartment.

## 71 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She moves down the hallway, looking into the kitchen. It's crowded with men taking pictures of the shattered window and dusting the room for prints. She continues down the hall, looking into the living room. Several cops are sprawled on the couch, taking their ease, a couple in the corner discussing their martial problems. They all look up at her. She continues down the hall, growing increasingly desperate. Andy, where's Andy? Panicked, she calls out for him.

KAREN

Andy?

She looks in her room. Empty. No one there, not even a cop. She suddenly hears him call her.

ANDY (o.s.)

Mommy!

Karen whirls, staring down the hall. His bedroom. Of course, where else would he be? She runs in that direction.

## 72 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy looks up from the bed as she bursts into the room, Chucky seated beside him, Mike Norris on the far side. He watches as Andy leaps off the bed, flying into his mother's arms.

KAREN

(hugging him tightly)

Oh, Andy, Andy --

(breaking, looking at him)

Are you all right?

He nods. She hugs him even more tightly.

KAREN (cont.)

I'm so glad. I was so scared when I saw all those policeman. Where's Maggie?

ANDY

She had an accident, mommy.

KAREN

An accident. What kind of an accident?

Mike rises from the bed, stepping forward to introduce himself.

MIKE

Mike Norris, Mrs. Barclay.  
Homicide. Could we talk in the hall?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

KAREN

Why? what happened to Maggie?

MIKE

Please.

He leads her into the hall, Andy watching them from the bed, holding Chucky in his lap.

73 INT. HALL - NIGHT

Mike stops, glancing at the boy through the doorway. He lowers his voice.

MIKE

Miss Peterson's dead, Mrs. Barclay.  
She fell from your kitchen window.

KAREN

(stunned)

Oh, my God --

She weaves on her feet. Mike grabs her, steadying her.

MIKE

You all right?

KAREN

(nodding numbly)

Yes. I just can't believe it, that's all.

MIKE

Accidents happen, Mrs. Barclay.

(pause)

Unless she had some reason to do it herself --

KAREN

You mean suicide?

(he nods; she shakes  
her head)

No, never. Maggie loved life too much.

MIKE

Yeah. I got that impression from Andy.

KAREN

You've been questioning Andy?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

MIKE

Just talking to him a little, that's all.

KAREN

You shouldn't be asking a six-year old questions about something like this.

MIKE

I had to, Mrs. Barclay. He was the only other person in the apartment when it happened. Besides there are loose ends.

KAREN

What loose ends?

MIKE

Come on, I'll show you.

He leads her down the hallway. Andy rises from his bed, coming out of the bedroom, following them down the hall with Chucky in his arms. Mike stops before the front door. He nods at it.

MIKE

The door was open when we arrived. Andy says he doesn't know how it got that way.

KAREN

Maybe Maggie opened it.

MIKE

And left it that way? That's an odd thing to do at this hour, don't you think? Especially in New York City.

KAREN

(shrugging helplessly)

I don't know. I guess so.

MIKE

Did you talk to her at all tonight?

KAREN

About an hour ago. She said something strange had happened, but she didn't say what?

MIKE

Too bad.

He steps into the kitchen. Karen and Andy follow.

## 74 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The forensic people are just leaving as the three of them enter. Mike stops next to the counter, pointing at small red scuff marks on the white tile. They have a distinctive crisscross pattern to them.

MIKE

Any idea what these are?

Karen looks at them, shaking her head.

KAREN

No.

MIKE

Odd, aren't they? They almost look like very small footprints.

He looks down at Andy's bare feet. They are very small. Karen clutches her son to her.

KAREN

What are you implying?

MIKE

Nothing. I've already looked in his closet. He doesn't own a pair of red sneakers.

KAREN

(to Andy)

Andy, go to bed. I'll be there in a few minutes to tuck you in.

Andy looks up at his mother, tugging at her sleeve.

ANDY

Mommy, is Aunt Maggie going to heaven?

KAREN

(tearing up)

Of course, she is, Andy. Now go to bed, I'll be right along --

She gently pushes him out the door, watching him down the hall toward his room. Wiping at her eyes, she turns back to Mike angrily.

KAREN

Look, Mister Whatever Your Name Is --

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

MIKE

(pleasantly)

Lieutenant Norris. But you can call me Mike.

KAREN

(pointedly)

Look, Lieutenant Norris, my son had nothing to do with Maggie's death. He loved her. Whatever happened to Maggie was an accident. A terrible accident. Understand?

MIKE

Yes, ma'am.

KAREN

And I'll thank you not to accuse my son to his face. Do you realize the affect that can have on a small boy?

MIKE

I didn't accuse him of anything. I told you that those footprints couldn't have been his.

(a beat)

Unless he has a pair of red sneakers we didn't find. He doesn't, does he, Mrs. Barclay?

KAREN

(stiffening)

I'll thank you to leave, Lieutenant. Right now.

MIKE

Yes, ma'am --

He heads for the door to the hallway, Karen right behind him.

75 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy pads into his room, closing the door behind him, and setting Chucky down on a high wing backed chair. He crawls into bed, and turns off the table lamp. He talks to the doll as he slides under the covers.

ANDY

You think Aunt Maggie put those red marks there?

He lays his head on his pillow with a big yawn.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

ANDY (Cont.)

I guess so. She's the only one who  
could've --

He starts to yawn again only to suddenly freeze, staring at Chucky in the chair across from him. The doll is awash in a spill of moonlight from the window, the soles of his little red sneakers staring Andy right in the face. A crisscross pattern is cut in the bottoms. Andy sits bolt upright in bed, looking at the doll.

He throws the covers back and gets out of bed, slowly walking over to Chucky and staring first at him, then at the bottom of his sneakers. They are badly scuffed, the crisscross pattern on their bottoms exactly like that on the kitchen counter.

Andy whirls, tearing for the door.

ANDY

Mommy!

He snags into his tricycle, falling to the floor with a crash. At the same moment a voice comes out of the darkness behind him mingling with the crash of the bicycle, maybe in Andy's mind, maybe not.

CHUCKY (o.s.)

No!

Andy whirls, looking up from the floor at the back of the winged chair where he left Chucky, his eyes as big as saucers. He slowly rises, staring at the back of the chair.

ANDY

Chucky, was that you? Did you say  
something?

No answer. Just silence. He slowly walks around to the front of the chair, staring down at his doll. Then he breaks into a huge loving smile filled with wonder.

ANDY (Cont.)

Chucky!

76 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike steps out into the hallway, Jack Santos waiting near the elevator, watching him and Karen. Mike turns back to her.

MIKE

I'm sorry if I've been any trouble,  
Mrs. Barclay. I didn't mean to upset  
you.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

KAREN

Oh, of course not. My best friend's dead, my child's upset, it's almost midnight --

MIKE

I'm just trying to find out what happened here tonight, that's all.

KAREN

I told you what happened. An accident. Now I don't mean to be rude, but good night.

She begins to close the door on him.

MIKE

If you find out what made those scuff marks, will you let me know, please.

KAREN

Of course, I will. Now good night.

She closes the door on him. He stares at it for a moment, grinning, then turns, joining his partner at the elevator.

MIKE

Spirited lady.

JACK

The mother lioness protecting her cub. You want the autopsy report on your desk first thing tomorrow?

MIKE

You better know it. That and anything you can find out about Mrs. Barclay and her son.

The elevator doors open. They step inside, the doors closing behind them.

77 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Karen walks into the bathroom, snapping on the light, and dousing her face with cold water. She suddenly raises her head, listening hard. She hears the soft murmur of voices coming from somewhere. She turns off the taps. The voices are clearer now. They seem to be coming from the hallway.

## 78 INT. HALL - NIGHT

She steps out into the hall, staring down the corridor at Andy's bedroom. The voices are coming from behind his door. She's sure of it. Someone is in Andy's bedroom with him.

She pads to the door, placing her ear against it, catching the muffled buzz of conversation, one voice clearly that of her son, the other indistinct and unrecognizable, but definitely not Andy's. Suddenly there's a high-pitched distinctive laugh that she's heard before.

CHUCKY (o.s.)  
Hidey ho, ha-ha-ha!

She throws the door open.

## 79 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She steps into the room, snapping on the light. Andy looks up at her from the floor, blinking in the sudden glare. He's facing his high backed chair, the chair turned away from Karen so she can't see who's sitting in it. She looks at her son.

KAREN  
Who are you talking to, Andy?

ANDY  
(happily)  
Chucky.

KAREN  
Chucky?

ANDY  
Sure, Chucky. He's sitting right there.

He points at the chair. Karen slowly walks around to stand by her son's side, staring at the front of the chair. Sure enough, Chucky sits there, totally inanimate and doll like. Karen smiles, looking down at her son.

KAREN  
So Chucky's been talking to you,  
has he?  
(Andy nods)  
What's he saying?

ANDY  
All kinds of things. His real name  
is Charles Lee Ray and he's been  
sent down from heaven by daddy to  
play with me.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

KAREN

He has, has he? Anything else?

ANDY

(suddenly sad)

Yes. He said Aunt Maggie was a real bitch and got what she deserved.

KAREN

(shocked)

Andy, how can you say something so horrible?

ANDY

I didn't say it. Chucky did.

KAREN

Andy, stop it. You know perfectly well you're making this up.

She scoops him up in her arms, carrying him to his bed, and putting him under the covers, fussing with them as he talks.

ANDY

But I'm not. Chucky's alive. Really he is.

KAREN

Chucky is a doll. A thing of cloth and thread. Look at him. Does he look like anything more?

She rises, picks the doll up off the chair, and shakes it in his face. Andy snatches the doll away from her.

ANDY

Don't. You'll hurt him!

She stands there looking at her son. He's obviously concerned for the doll. She nods at Chucky.

KAREN

Look at him, Andy. You don't really think he's alive, do you?

(nothing from Andy; she takes a deep breath)

Look, Andy, you were talking to yourself in Chucky's voice and you know it. Now admit it.

ANDY

But I wasn't --

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

Andy, please. You're upset about Aunt Maggie. So am I, but it's no reason to start thinking Chucky's alive.

ANDY

But he is --

KAREN

Andy, stop it, please!

She starts to cry, trying to cover it by turning away and reaching for a Kleenex. Andy sees the wetness around her eyes. He reaches out, taking her hand in his.

ANDY

It's cause of Aunt Maggie, isn't it? That's why you're yelling at me.

KAREN

(nodding slowly)

I guess so.

A moment as he studies her face. Then he hugs her.

ANDY

I'm sorry. I'll stop making up stories.

She looks at him, smiling in relief.

KAREN

Thanks.

(she tousles his hair  
kisses him)

Good night, champ. You're wonderful.

She rises, turning out the light, and softly shutting the door behind her. Andy rolls over, staring at Chucky in the darkness next to him.

ANDY

You're right, Chucky. She didn't believe me.

The doll's eyes snap open, his head turning to look toward the closed bedroom door. He spends a moment studying it, then turns back to Andy, speaking in his high-pitched singsong.

CHUCKY

I love to be hugged.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

ANDY

Good. I love to hug you, too.

He gives him a great big hug, yawning and turning over to go to sleep.

80 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen smiles, turning away from the door where she's been listening and padding down the hallway into her room.

81 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy is already asleep, Chucky laying beside him on the bed, his eyes open, staring at nothing. They suddenly slam shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 EXT. KENNEDY ELEMENTARY - DAY

Karen pulls up to the school in her car, dropping her child off along with all the other mothers in the area.

83 INT. KAREN'S CAR - DAY

She turns to Andy, straightening his collar as she talks to him. He holds Chucky in his arms.

KAREN

You're sure you're all right now?

(he nods)

No bad dreams last night about Aunt Maggie?

(he shakes his head)

Good. And Chucky's only a doll, right?

He nods. She smiles and giving him a kiss, leans over and opens the door for him.

KAREN (Cont.)

Off to school with you then. Have fun.

He leaps out of the car, running for the school. Karen watches him slip inside, then puts the car in gear, pulling away from the curb.

84 EXT. STREET - DAY

The car disappears around the corner. A moment passes and Andy steps out of the school, looking after her. Once he's sure she's really gone, he turns in the opposite direction, Chucky in his arms, and hurries down the street.

CUT TO:

## 85 INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Andy rides the subway all alone, Chucky clasped in his arms. A few passengers throw him curious looks, obviously wondering what a kid his age is doing alone in there, but no one makes a move to question him.

The subway comes to a halt at the Hundred and Twentieth Street exit. He gets up and trundles out of the doors.

## 86 EXT. 120TH STREET - DAY

Andy emerges from the subway into the street, looking around. This is a neighborhood an adult wouldn't want to go into. A vermin infested slum full of hookers, addicts, thieves, and bums. Andy puts his ear close to Chucky's lips as though listening to something the doll is saying, then starts down the street. All kinds of seedy adults give him the once over as he passes, none of them making a move to stop him or talk to him once their eyes tell them he has nothing of value on him besides the stupid doll.

## 87 EXT. DUMP - DAY

Andy moves through a chainlink fence into a huge dump almost directly beneath the George Washington Bridge. He walks past enormous mounds of garbage, broken furniture and tossed appliances, Chucky in his arms. He finally stops, looking at a windowless, abandoned two-story ruin of a house directly ahead. His gaze shifts to Chucky.

ANDY

Is that it?

Nothing from the doll. Andy looks around some more, spotting some tall weeds nearby.

ANDY (Cont.)

Look, you stay here. I have to go tinkle.

He sets the doll down on the remains of a busted chair and trundles into the weeds. He stops there, unzipping his pants and relieving himself. A moment later he reemerges from the weeds to discover Chucky gone. He stands there, looking this way and that, calling to the doll.

ANDY

Chucky, where are you?

No answer. He starts searching among the mounds of garbage for his doll.

## 88 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The back door is slowly pushed open and someone enters. The room is a rat infested mess, the rodents gnawing at garbage and half-eaten food left strewn about on the counter and floor. Whoever he is crosses the floor and looks behind the stove at the gas hookup. A small hand reaches in and slowly begins to unscrew the connection.

## 89 INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Eddie Captuo lays on a mattress in the half light of the bedroom, what's left of the water stained shades pulled tight over the paneless windows. He's unshaven, still wearing his prison clothes, pulling at a liquor bottle as he stares at nothing. He hears something creak in the house on the floor below and sits bolt upright, every nerve in his body suddenly taut. He reaches for the .45 at his side.

## 90 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The little hand pulls the gas line free, the colorless gas escaping into the small room with a loud hiss. He turns, leaving the room, but making sure to close the door tightly behind him.

## 91 INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Eddie appears at the top of the rickety stairs, staring down into the portico below. There's nothing there. He starts slowly down the stairs, the gun held ready. Suddenly a voice hisses at him out of the shadows below. It is Chucky's voice, but now it has a familiar hissing quality to it, the quality we heard in Charles Lee Ray's voice that night he was dying.

CHUCKY (o.s.)

Hello, Eddie.

Eddie freezes, looking over the railing at the shadows of the hallway below, all the color draining out of his face.

EDDIE

Chucky, is that you?

CHUCKY (o.s.)

Who else would it be? After all,  
this is our hideout, isn't it?

Eddie wipes at his forehead nervously, the sweat already beginning to pour off his face.

EDDIE

Sure. I thought you were dead.

CHUCKY (o.s.)

Naw. I wouldn't do that. Not and  
leave you alive anyway.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

Eddie starts down the stairs, the gun held ready, looking at the portico and hallway below, trying to figure out where that voice is coming from.

EDDIE

What are you talking about, Chuck?

CHUCKY

You left me, Eddie. You chickened out and left me. You think I'm going to let you live after that?

Eddie reaches the bottom of the stairs, whirling and firing into the shadows of the hallway, blasting away with his gun.

92 EXT. DUMP - DAY

Andy whirls, staring at the abandoned house where the gunshots are coming from. That's where Chucky must be! He starts running for the house.

93 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie moves down the hallway, searching the shadows, his gun ready. Suddenly that voice comes from behind him.

CHUCKY (o.s.)

Not in there, Eddie. In here.

Eddie whirls, staring down the hallway into the living room. Clutching the gun tightly, he starts for that room.

94 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He steps into the refuse strewn room, the gun ready, looking around. Suddenly Andy is heard outside, yelling for his doll.

ANDY (o.s.)

Chucky!

Eddie whirls, aiming out the window just as Andy trundles by, almost blowing him away. He catches himself just in time, moving to the window, staring out at the small boy. Andy is stumbling about the yard, looking for his doll. Suddenly that voice hisses at Eddie again from behind him.

CHUCKY (o.s.)

Forget the boy, Eddie. It's me you want.

Eddie whirls, staring at the closed door into the kitchen. The voice reaches his ears again. It seems to be coming from that direction.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

CHUCKY (Cont.) (o.s.)  
That's right, Eddie. In here. I'm  
waiting for you.

Gripping the gun even more tightly, Eddie starts toward the closed kitchen door.

95 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The gas hisses out of the broken main, choking the small room with its fetid odor.

96 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Andy wanders along the side of the house, directly outside the kitchen, totally unaware of the broken gas main within or the danger he's in, looking around, yelling for his doll.

ANDY  
Chucky!

97 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie comes to a halt before the door to the kitchen, cocking the gun and reaching for the door.

98 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The broken main continues to fill the room with gas.

99 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

At the last second Andy trundles over a rise in back of the house, dipping out of sight.

100 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie whips open the door, stepping into the kitchen.

101 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He fires his gun blindly into the darkness.

EDDIE  
Got you!

The room explodes in a blinding flash of white light.

102 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The kitchen blows apart, the walls dissolving in an explosion of flying wood and shattering glass, the side of the house going up in a ball of fire, the entire immediate area covered in a rain of flying wood, glass, lathing, and plaster.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

A few seconds pass and Andy raises his head above the dip in the ground, staring at the house in amazement. What's left of it is turning into a fireball, flames greedily consuming the wood structure. He looks around, tears springing into his eyes.

ANDY

Chucky!

He starts running around, looking desperately for his doll. Sirens can be heard approaching in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 INT. POLICE STATION - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Karen comes walking down the corridor, her high heel shoes sounding hollow and lonely in the deserted corridor. She sees an OFFICER approaching and stops him.

KAREN

Pardon me, I'm looking for  
Lieutenant Norris --

Before he can answer Mike steps out of the room farther down the corridor. She hurries toward him.

KAREN (Cont.)

Lieutenant Norris --

He turns to her as she comes to a stop before him.

MIKE

Thank you for coming, Mrs. Barclay.

KAREN

What's wrong? I came as soon as  
I got your message.

MIKE

Have you been home yet?

KAREN

No, I came directly from work.  
Why?

MIKE

We have your son here.

KAREN

Andy here? Why?

MIKE

Let's step into my office --

He opens the door for her. They step through it.

104 INT. MIKE'S OFFICE - DAY

He closes the door, turning to her.

MIKE  
I don't know how to tell you this,  
Mrs. Barclay.

KAREN  
Tell me what?

Nothing from him. It only makes him more nervous.

KAREN (Cont.)  
What's wrong?

MIKE  
I've had to arrest Andy.

KAREN  
You've had to what?

She stands there stunned. He helps her into a chair.

MIKE  
Can I get you some water or  
something --

She recovers, looking up at him.

KAREN  
What did you arrest him for?

MIKE  
(quietly)  
Murder.

KAREN  
What? Who did he kill?

MIKE  
Your friend Maggie Peterson for  
one --

KAREN  
(exploding)  
That's crazy. Andy loved her. She  
was like an aunt to him!

MIKE  
The coroner's report said she was  
hit on the forehead before she went  
out that window.

A stunned moment. Then Karen comes alive, groping.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

KAREN

That doesn't prove anything. Maybe she stumbled and hit her head before she fell.

MIKE

Mrs. Barclay, remember those red marks on your kitchen counter?

(Karen nods)

If your son had stood on that counter where those marks were, he would have been at the exact height to have hit Mrs. Peterson in the forehead.

KAREN

But that's impossible. Andy would never do a thing like that --

MIKE

(cutting her off)

And then Eddie Caputo died this afternoon.

Karen looks at him blankly.

KAREN

Who?

MIKE

Haven't you heard about him on the news?

(she shakes her head)

He was partner's with the Bayside Strangler. They'd pick up women and torture them together before they killed them.

KAREN

All right. A psychopath died this afternoon. What's it got to do with Andy?

MIKE

Caputo escaped from jail. Someone blew up his hideout today with him inside of it. Your son was sitting outside clutching his doll when we arrived.

KAREN

Oh, my God --

(rising from the chair)

Where's Andy? I've got to see him.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

He's fine. He's in the next room  
being questioned.

KAREN

Let me see him --

She starts for the door. He grabs her arm, gently restraining  
her.

MIKE

Are you sure you're in the shape  
for this right now, Mrs. Barclay?  
Maybe you'd like a few minutes to  
calm down.

She takes a deep breath, getting control of herself.

KAREN

I'm perfectly calm, Lieutenant  
Norris. And I very much want to  
see my son.

A moment as he stares into her eyes and sees the truth of what  
she says.

MIKE

Of course, Mrs. Barclay.

He releases her arm, opening the door for her. She steps into the  
hallway, Mike behind her, closing the door after them.

105 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They cross from his office into another room.

106 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Karen finds herself in a small room with a two-way glass mirror.  
Mike closes the door behind them, watching her carefully. There  
are several people in the room, none of whom she knows. She walks  
to the glass, staring into the interrogation room on the other  
side. Andy sits there talking with Jack Santos, Chucky perched  
on the table between them. Their conversation is piped into  
the observation room through a set of overhead speakers.

JACK

(over the speakers)  
So what happened then, Andy?

ANDY

(over the speakers)  
I went looking for Chucky and the  
whole house just blew up.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

JACK

(over the speakers)

Any idea why?

(Andy shakes his head)

What were you doing there anyway,  
Andy?

ANDY

(over the speakers)

Chucky wanted me to see Eddie.

JACK

(over the speakers)

Eddie Caputo?

(Andy nods)

Why did Chucky want you to see him?

ANDY

(over the speakers)

He said he'd take me to heaven to  
visit my father.

KAREN

(startled)

Oh, my God --

MIKE

What?

KAREN

(recovering)

Andy lost his father recently,  
that's all.

MIKE

I know. I got a report on it. The  
car went off the road and Andy was  
thrown clear.

(pause)

I'd think something like that could  
give anybody emotional problems.  
Especially a small child.

KAREN

(looking at him)

Did your report also tell you that  
the car caught fire? Did it tell  
you that Andy ran back into the  
burning car and tried to pull his  
father out? Did it tell you that  
the police had to pull him out  
kicking and screaming? Did it tell  
you that?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

No, no, it didn't.

KAREN

Well, he did. Bob was dead, but Andy didn't realize that. When I finally made him understand he felt terrible because he hadn't had a chance to say goodbye to him. That's why I reacted the way I did just now.

MIKE

(softly)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Barclay.

KAREN

So am I. His father was a wonderful man.

She turns back to the two-way glass. Mike does the same thing. Within the other room Jack continues with his questioning.

JACK

(through the speakers)

What about Aunt Maggie, Andy? Do you have any idea why she fell out that window?

ANDY

(through the speakers)

Yes.

Everybody in the room moves closer to the glass, their attention snagged.

JACK

(through the speakers)

Why?

ANDY

(through the speakers)

She saw Chucky and it scared her so much she fell out.

KAREN

(softly)

Oh, no --

MIKE

(turning to her)

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

KAREN

Ever since I got him that damn doll,  
he's been insisting it was alive.

MIKE

Yeah, I know. That's all he keeps  
talking about.

KAREN

(looking at him)

Let me talk to him. Maybe I can  
find out what's going on.

(Mike hesitates)

Please.

He looks at a stocky older man in the corner, DR. ARDMORE, who's  
been listening to the questions and answers in the other room  
the entire time.

MIKE

Doc, what do you say?

He looks over at them.

DR. ARDMORE

I think it would be very good idea.  
Boy's don't like to tell fibs to  
their mothers.

MIKE

(to Karen, nodding at  
the doctor)

Dr. Ardmore, the state appointed  
child psychiatrist.

She smiles at him gratefully as Mike holds the door open behind  
her.

KAREN

Thank you.

DR. ARDMORE

Good luck.

She steps through the door, Mike closing it behind her.

107 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

They go one door down and disappear through it.

108 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Andy leaps out of his seat, running into his mother's arms as  
Mike and Karen come through the door.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

ANDY

Mommy!

KAREN

Andy.

They hug each other as Mike throws a look at Jack. The younger cop nods and exits, closing the door behind him. Mike steps into a corner, watching Andy and Karen. She sits him on the chair, peering down at her son.

KAREN (Cont.)

Andy, now listen to me. You've got to stop telling these wild stories. Too much depends on it.

ANDY

(looking up at her  
wide-eyed)

I haven't been telling stories.

KAREN

Andy, Chucky is not alive. Remember, we agreed on that last night.

ANDY

(hanging his head)

I was lying.

KAREN

You were? Why?

ANDY

I didn't want you mad at me anymore.

KAREN

You mean Chucky was really talking to you last night?

(he nods)

About what?

ANDY

Aunt Maggie.

KAREN

What about her?

ANDY

He told me how she saw him when he was trying to get out the front door.

Mike steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Why was he trying to get out, Andy?

ANDY

To go see his friend Eddie.

MIKE

Why did he want to see him?

ANDY

I dunno, but he wanted me to take him there today and I told him I couldn't because I'd miss school. That's when he told me Eddie would take me up to visit daddy.

(turning to Karen)

You don't mind that I left school for that, do you mommy?

KAREN

No, of course not, darling.

Mike kneels before Andy.

MIKE

Look, Andy, Chucky was lying to you.

ANDY

(wide-eyed)

He was?

MIKE

(nodding)

Yes. Nobody can take you to heaven. You have to get there all on your own. And Aunt Maggie didn't fall out that window.

ANDY

She didn't?

MIKE

No, she didn't. Somebody hit her over the head first. Somebody wanted to hurt her, Andy. Do you have any idea who that could be?

ANDY

Who would want to hurt Aunt Maggie?

MIKE

I don't know, Andy. Who do you think?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (3)

Mike nods. Andy slowly turns and looks at Chucky sitting so innocuously on the table. His eyes begin to water.

ANDY (Cont.)

Chucky, it had to be Chucky.

MIKE

Why would Chucky want to kill Aunt Maggie?

ANDY

I don't know, but he's lied to me.  
(to the doll)  
Why'd you lie to me, Chucky? Why?

109 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Jack looks over at Dr. Ardmore.

JACK

What do you think, doc?

DR. ARDMORE

The boy is obviously projecting  
what he saw someone do onto the  
doll.

(pause)

Or what he did himself..

110 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Andy turns to Mike.

ANDY

He won't talk to me with you here.

Mike gives up on Andy, rising and turning to Karen.

MIKE

Has he said anything else about  
this doll I should know?

KAREN

No, nothing --

(she pauses, thinking)

Wait, yes. He said Chucky's real  
name was Charles Lee Ray.

MIKE

(startled)

What?

111 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Jack Santos is about to light a cigarette. He almost drops it when he hears this, staring through the glass at Karen.

JACK

Holy shit.

112 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Karen stares at Mike's suddenly pale face.

KAREN

What's wrong? Does it mean something?

MIKE

Only if you believe in reincarnation.

KAREN

What are you talking about?

MIKE

Charles Lee Ray was the Bayside Strangler.

KAREN

The man who was Eddie Caputo's partner.

MIKE

(nodding)

You got it.

KAREN

Would this Charles Lee Ray have wanted Caputo dead?

MIKE

You'd better believe it. When he was wounded and running from the police, Caputo ditched him.

KAREN

My God --

She turns slowly and looks at Chucky sitting on the table.

KAREN (Cont.)

Then if Chucky were Charles Lee Ray it would make perfect sense why he'd want Andy to take him to that place today.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

MIKE

Perfect sense. Only one problem.

He turns to Karen. She is staring at the doll with something between dawning suspicion and horrid fascination.

KAREN

What?

MIKE

(nodding at Chucky)

That's a doll, not Charles Lee Ray.

Karen stares at the doll, unable to take her eyes off it.

KAREN

(softly)

Is it?

Mike stabs a finger at the doll.

MIKE

Look at it, Mrs. Barclay. Does it look alive to you? Let's take a break, okay —

He starts for the door. She ignores him, dropping to her knees before Andy again, staring at him intently.

KAREN

Andy, you say Chucky talks to you?

(Andy nods)

Can you make him talk to you right now?

Andy turns, staring at Chucky fearfully.

ANDY

He won't do it.

KAREN

Why not?

ANDY

He's already mad at me. He told me if I ever told another grown up about him, he'd kill me. And now I've told all of you.

Karen kneels in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

Andy, this is terribly important.  
Lieutenant Norris and I are here  
to protect you. You have to make  
Chucky talk. You have to.

ANDY

But it won't work --

KAREN

(desperately)

Andy, please. Just try!

ANDY

(hesitantly)

All right. If you really want me  
to.

KAREN

I really want you to.

He turns his gaze from her to Chucky.

ANDY (Cont.)

Chucky, why'd you lie to me about  
Aunt Maggie?

Nothing from the doll. Mike and Karen watch Andy, hardly daring  
to breathe, the web her desperation has woven so strong it has  
even ensnared him. Andy talks to the doll again, raising his  
voice this time, almost shouting.

ANDY (Cont.)

Come on, Chucky, tell me why!

Chucky suddenly whirs to life, his eyes snapping open, his head  
turning in Andy direction.

CHUCKY

My name's Chucky. Let's play, hidey  
ho, ha-ha-ha!

Andy turns hopeful eyes on his mother and Mike.

ANDY

See, he can talk.

Mike turns away, the spell broken. Karen looks at her son with  
despairing eyes. Andy bursts into tears.

ANDY (Cont.)

I'm sorry, mommy. I tried, I really  
did.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (3)

KAREN

I know you did, darling. I know  
you did.

She falls to her knees, taking him in her arms and holding him  
tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The key is heard turning in the lock. The door opens and Karen  
enters, exhausted. She relocks the door behind her and heads  
down the hallway. She carries Chucky in Andy's backpack.

114 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She drops Chucky on the table, and sits on the couch, staring at  
the doll. The seconds tick past. Finally:

KAREN

Well, say something, you little  
bastard.

Nothing from the doll. She raises her voice, almost yelling at  
it in frustration.

KAREN (Cont.)

Say something, Dammit!

The doll suddenly comes to life, seemingly initiated by her  
voice. Its eyes snap open, its head turning to look at her.

CHUCKY

I love to be hugged.

The mouth clamps shut, the eyelids slam down, and the doll whirs  
to a halt. Total silence. Karen stares at the doll hopelessly.

KAREN

Christ, what am I doing?

She rises, going into the kitchen.

115 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She stops at the sink, getting herself a glass of water. As she  
drinks she glances to her left. There stuck in a corner of the  
counter is the gaily colored box that Chucky came in. She picks  
it up, reading the label aloud in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

KAREN

"A Play Pal doll, a kid's best friend."

(snorting to herself)

Yeah, sure --

She goes to drop the box in the trash, inadvertently turning it upside down. Something metallic falls out, hitting the kitchen counter with a heavy thunk. She looks down. She is staring at four Double A plastic encased batteries. She looks back at the box in her hand. "Batteries Included" is clearly written on the side. She whirls, staring through the door into the living room where Chucky is.

116 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She comes into the room, stopping above the table where Chucky sits, staring down at the doll. He sits there totally inert. She picks him up, slowly turning him over on his back. She shoves up his rainbow colored shirt revealing a little plastic door labeled "Batteries Go Here." She pushes down, releasing the catch. The little plastic door snaps open with a hollow thunk to reveal an empty battery case. The doll has been talking and moving without any batteries in it!

Chucky's head suddenly swivels a complete hundred and eighty degrees in her hand so he is staring up at her from between his shoulder blades. His eyes snap open and his mouth moves.

CHUCKY

Hi, I'm Chucky. Wanna play?

With a scream she drops the doll. Chucky hits the floor and rolls under the couch. She stands there, one hand pressed to her heart, the other to her mouth, breathing hard and staring at the couch. It talked, the goddamn thing talked. Without batteries!

She gathers her frayed nerves and leans down, sticking her hand into the blackness beneath the couch. She feels around blindly for the doll, talking to herself as she searches.

KAREN

Come on, you've got to be under there --

She suddenly stops. She's got hold of something. She withdraws the doll from under the couch, staring down at him.

KAREN (Cont.)

Talk, come on, talk to me.  
(nothing from the doll;  
she raises her voice)  
I said talk to me, dammit!

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

Still nothing from the doll. She stares at it angrily.

KAREN (Cont.)

You're doing the same thing to me  
you did to Andy, aren't you?

(she shakes the doll)

Well, it's not going to work. Come  
on, if you're alive, say something!

She shakes the doll. Nothing. She looks around desperately.  
What's she going to do? Her gaze falls on the fire place.

KAREN (Cont.)

Won't talk to me, will you? Well,  
I'll make you!

She leaps to the fire place, pulling back the fire screen, and  
turning on the gas. She strikes a match she keeps on the hearth,  
tossing it into the fireplace. It leaps to life, flames licking  
up the flue. She reaches back, grabbing Chucky, lifting him up,  
about to throw him in the fire place. She looks up at the doll.

KAREN (Cont.)

Last chance, dammit. Talk to me!

Nothing from the doll. She starts to heave him into the roaring  
fire when with a sudden snarl, Chucky leaps to life in her hand,  
fighting to be free, twisting around like a handful of snakes.  
She grabs the doll with the other hand, holding it tight, crying  
out almost in joy.

KAREN (Cont.)

Got you, I got you --

Chucky suddenly whips his head around, opens his mouth barring  
a set of teeth like king size Chiclets, and sinks them as deep  
as he can into the tender flesh on the inside of her forearm.  
Karen screams, dropping him as she grabs her arm. The doll hits  
the floor on his feet, grinning up at her as he yells at her  
in a voice suddenly deep with sick masculinity, dancing around  
her and enjoying her pain.

CHUCKY

You stupid bitch. You dumb fucking  
bitch. Think you can fuck with me,  
do you? Well, no one can. No one!

He suddenly launches himself across the floor, leaping into the  
air and wrapping himself around her leg. He sinks his huge teeth,  
suddenly incredibly sharp, into her calf. With a scream Karen  
topples back onto the floor, flailing helplessly at the doll.  
Chucky releases her, dancing away, watching her writhe in pain,  
laughing at her.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCKY (Cont.)

See, I'm the Giver of Pain,. Don't  
fuck with me or you die. You can't  
stop me. No one can --

She suddenly whips the poker off the fireplace and swipes at the  
doll, catching him square in the chest. Chucky goes flying across  
the room, hitting the floor only to bounce right back up and  
continue his dance as he mocks her.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Didn't you know, bitch? I'm  
indestructible. Do you hear me?  
Indestructible. Nothing can kill  
me. Nothing!

(a really evil glint  
coming into his buttony  
eyes)

Which is more than I can say for  
your bratty little kid. He's going  
to fry for what I did. Do you hear  
me? Fry!

Karen stares at him from the floor, suddenly really terrified.

KAREN

No --

CHUCKY

Yes!

With a gleeful laugh he suddenly whirls and dashes out of the  
room, disappearing down the hallway. She struggles to her feet,  
limping after him as quickly as she can.

117 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She steps out into the hallway to find the front door open, the  
chair to the telephone table in front of the door. Chucky  
obviously used it to stand on while opening the lock. She  
hurries toward the door.

118 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

She bursts out the front door and skids to a halt, peering over  
the balustrade, staring down the stairwell. She doesn't see  
anything, but she hears little feet pitter patter down the  
stairs, and then a maniacal laugh floats back up to her.

CHUCKY (o.s.)

Hidey ho, ha-ha-ha!

She screams down the stairwell.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

KAREN

Come back, do you hear me, come back!

All she gets for an answer is the front door far below slamming shut and a moment later other tenants come out of their apartment on the floors below, staring up at her. She looks at them.

KAREN (Cont.)

He escaped. My son's doll escaped

They just stare at her like she's crazy. She suddenly realizes how she sounds and turns, limping back into her apartment. She slams the door behind her.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. PRECINCT - STREET - NIGHT

Mike walks out the front of the precinct, headed down the sidewalk for his car after a hard day. Karen suddenly pulls up in her Honda, double-parking, and hopping out to chase after him.

KAREN

Lieutenant Norris --

He stops, looking back.

MIKE

Hi, Mrs. Barclay. What are you doing back here?

She skids to a halt in front of him.

KAREN

Andy was telling the truth. Chucky is alive.

MIKE

(staring at her)  
What?

KAREN

(in a rush)

I took him back to my apartment and was about to throw away the box he came in away when the batteries fell out.

He looks at her blankly.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

KAREN (Cont.)

Don't you see? He's been moving  
and talking for days now without  
batteries in him.

MIKE

What are you talking about?

KAREN

How I found out he was alive. I  
threatened to throw him in the  
fireplace. He suddenly came alive  
in my hand. I dropped him and he  
got up and ran out of the apartment.

MIKE

Oh, for Christ sake --

He turns away. Karen grabs him by the arm, dragging him to a  
halt.

KAREN

I'm telling the truth.

MIKE

Mrs. Barclay, I'm too tired and  
it's too goddamn late for this  
nonsense.

KAREN

All right, don't believe me. But  
I'll tell you this. That doll is  
going to kill again. I don't know  
who and I don't know when, but he  
will. He has to. Andy was right.  
He is Charles Lee Ray.

She whirls and starts back toward her car. He stares after her.

MIKE

Where are you going now?

Karen shouts back over her shoulder.

KAREN

To find Chucky.

MIKE

How are you going to do that?

She stops by her car, looking at him as she opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

I brought him from a peddler where  
I work. I'll start there.

MIKE

That isn't a good part of town to  
be in at this time of night.

She ignores him and gets in her car. He steps into the street,  
heading toward her as she starts the Honda.

MIKE (Cont.)

Mrs. Barclay, did you hear me?  
You doh't want to go down there  
at this time of night --

All he gets for an answer is a squeal of tires as she suddenly  
roars off down the street. He stares after her.

MIKE (Cont.)

Godamnit!

CUT TO:

120 EXT. SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Karen starts in Battery Park, but all she finds are men entwined  
under bushes and a healthy dope business going on. She continues  
to walk the streets in the immediate area, poking into doorways  
and looking down alleys, seeing all the hypes, hookers, pimps,  
crack addicts, and hopeless drunks that comprise New York's  
homeless, but not finding anyone remotely like the Peddler.

121 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Discouraged, her feet killing her, Karen walks down the street,  
knowing she should give up, but refusing to do so. Suddenly  
out of the darkness a bonfire roars to life in an empty  
trash-filled lot across the street. She crosses the street,  
walking into the lot.

It's like no-man's land, trash strewn everywhere, people bedded  
out on urine-stained mattresses and underneath cardboard boxes.  
A bunch of them drink Ripple Red and dance a mad, drunken reel  
around the growing bonfire, their sexes indistinguishable, their  
ages irrelevant. Pockmarked faces, diseased skin, spindly  
rag-draped bodies, they are the hopeless of society, outside  
its pale, and stoned out of their minds on one substance or  
another, chemical or alcohol, all doing their dervish dance  
around the crackling fire as Karen walks through this hell,  
looking for the Peddler.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

Then she spots him, reeling away from the dance with some toothless harridan, both of them cooked to the gills, staggering and laughing, the Peddler fumbling for a feel of one of her sagging breasts. Karen shouts.

KAREN

You, you over there!

The dancers slow in their dervish, throwing glances at this well-dressed intruder, the Peddler casting a fearful glance back at her. He doesn't know who she is, but he's guilty from a lifetime of crime, some petty, some not so petty. He takes off at a drunken stagger, Karen running after him.

KAREN (Cont.)

Stop, please stop!

He reels to a halt against the wall of a building siding the empty lot, staring at her like a trapped animal, his bleary eyes trying to focus on her. She stops before him.

KAREN (Cont.)

Don't you remember me?  
(he shakes his hang dog  
head)

I brought a doll from you. In back  
of Stockman's Department Store two  
days ago.

PEDDLER

(trying to remember)

Doll?

KAREN

Yes, a Play Pal doll. You sold it  
to me.

The Peddler straightens, slowly realizing she's no cop and certainly not a threat to him. He allows his eyes to run over her well-shaped body, drool running out one corner of his toothless mouth.

PEDDLER

Oh, yeah, a doll. What about it?

KAREN

Where did you get it?

He grins at her, a lascivious grin. Behind her the other drunken revelers are slowly gathering, closing in on her without Karen being aware of it.

PEDDLER

What do you give me if I tell you?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

I don't have much --

She digs in her purse. He suddenly lurches forward, grabbing it from her hand. She reaches for it.

KAREN (Cont.)

Don't do that --

He shoves her away, standing there looking at her, his friends forming an increasingly tighter circle around her, closing in on her. He pulls money from her purse, waving it under her face.

PEDDLER

This isn't enough. What else you got?

Karen glances around her, realizing for the first time she's surrounded, trapped, fear rising in her. She tries to keep it out of her voice, speaking steadily.

KAREN

It's all I've got --

PEDDLER

No, it isn't!

He grabs her, trying to kiss her with with his horrible, toothless mouth. Suddenly Mike Norris steps forward, grabbing the Peddler by the shoulder and spinning him around. He plants a solid left in the man's gut, doubling him over. As the Peddler sinks to the ground, Mike looks at the rest of the stoned revelers, suddenly a frozen circle staring at him. His .38 flashes in the moonlight.

MIKE

That takes care of him. Now what about you? You want to spend the night in the Tombs?

"Cop, he's a cop!" whisper the trash, disappearing into the night as quickly as they came, leaving the empty lot bare except for the burning bonfire and the Peddler gagging his guts out on his knees before Mike. The cop yanks him to his feet.

MIKE (Cont.)

Okay, you want to answer the lady's question now. Where did you get the doll from?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (3)

PEDDLER  
(still gasping for  
breath)  
I don't know nothing about no doll  
—

Mike slams him against the wall.

MIKE  
You're not going to know anything  
about anything in another minute  
unless you talk.  
(slamming him against  
the wall again)  
Now talk!

Terrified, the words tumble out of the Peddler's mouth.

PEDDLER  
An alley on Thirty-Fourth and First.  
It was in the trash. That's where  
I got it.

MIKE  
(stunned)  
What? Where did you say?

PEDDLER  
Thirty-Fourth and First. I'm telling  
the truth. I swear I am!

Mike lets the Peddler go, the man running across the lot and into the darkness. Karen looks at him. He's obviously confused by what he's just heard.

KAREN  
What's wrong?

MIKE  
Nothing.

He turns back for his car parked at the curb. She dogs his steps.

KAREN  
Something the peddler said upset  
you. What was it?

MIKE  
I told you, nothing --

She grabs his arm, jerking him to a halt.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (4)

KAREN

Godamnit, my son's life is at stake.  
Now what was it?

MIKE

The place where he said he got the  
dolls. Charles Lee Ray died there.

She stares at him for a moment.

KAREN

What's it mean?

MIKE

I don't know. But we're going to  
find out. Come on --

He heads for his car, Karen hurrying after him.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. STREET - THIRTY-FOURTH AND FIRST - NIGHT

The unmarked cop car pulls to a stop before the toy store Charles  
Lee Ray died in. The place is boarded up, the windows and doorway  
covered with plywood.

123 INT. UNMARKED COP CAR - NIGHT

Karen and Mike stare at the boarded up store.

KAREN

What happened?

MIKE

It got hit by lightening.

KAREN

When?

MIKE

Just as Ray was dying. They must  
have dumped the damaged toys in  
the alley behind the store. That's  
how the peddler got your doll.

He picks up his flashlight and reaches for the door.

124 EXT. STREET - TOY STORE - NIGHT

The two of them get out of the car, approaching the store. They  
stop in front of the boarded up door.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

KAREN

What do we do now?

MIKE

Take a look inside.

He grabs hold of the plywood and yanks.

125 INT. STORE - NIGHT

A side of the plywood gives with a groan. Karen slips through followed by Mike. It is pitch black inside here. Mike turns on the flashlight, pointing it down a ruined aisle.

MIKE

I shot him there.

She turns to look at him.

KAREN

You were the man who killed Charles  
Lee Ray?

(he nods)

Why didn't you tell me?

MIKE

(shrugging)

It isn't exactly the kind of thing  
you go around telling people. Come  
on --

He starts down another ruined aisle. She follows him.

KAREN

Where are we going?

MIKE

To where he died.

They turn a corner and Mike stops, Karen by his side. He shines the flashlight on a large stain on the floor. It can only be dried blood.

MIKE (Cont.)

There, that's where it happened.

She takes the flashlight from his hand, playing it around the immediate area. Play Pal dolls are still scattered everywhere.

KAREN

Look, Play Pals everywhere. Look  
at them. That proves it.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

MIKE  
(looking at her)  
Proves what?

KAREN  
That Andy was telling the truth.  
Charles Lee Ray somehow got himself  
inside that doll as he was dying.

MIKE  
Come on, be serious --

KAREN  
I am serious. Look around you.  
Can there be any other explanation?

MIKE  
Yes, Mrs. Barclay. Coincidence.

KAREN  
Then how do you explain what Andy  
said?

MIKE  
He's a little boy. Little boy's  
have over active imaginations.  
Now come on --

He turns back down the aisle toward the front door. She grabs  
him.

KAREN  
You don't really believe that, do  
you? You don't really believe it's  
all a coincidence?

MIKE  
What I believe or don't believe  
doesn't make a difference. I can't  
go to my superiors with this.  
They'll just laugh.

He starts to turn away. She pulls him back.

KAREN  
What happened when Ray died?

MIKE  
What?

KAREN  
Did anything strange happen when  
Charles Lee Ray died?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

I don't know. I'd lost him. I was  
in another aisle when it happened.

KAREN

(desperately)

All right, did you hear anything?

(he hesitates)

Well, did you?

MIKE

Yes. He threatened to kill me and  
Eddie Caputo.

KAREN

Is that all? Did he say anything  
else?

MIKE

He started chanting something --

KAREN

What?

MIKE

I don't know. It was in a strange  
tongue I couldn't understand. Now  
come on --

He pulls free, moving toward the front door. She goes after him,  
worrying his heels.

KAREN

Don't you see? That's the answer.

MIKE

What answer?

KAREN

How he got himself inside that doll.  
That chant had to have something  
to do with it.

MIKE

Come on --

KAREN

I'm serious.

MIKE

You're also crazy --

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (3)

KAREN

All right, I'm crazy. Just tell  
me where Charles Lee Ray lived.

He slips through the front door. She follows him.

126 EXT. TOY STORE - STREET - NIGHT

He heads for his car. She grabs him, jerking him to a halt.

KAREN

Just tell me where he lived.

MIKE

Why?

KAREN

I want to search his apartment.  
There might be a clue that will  
lead me to Chucky.

MIKE

I've already done that --

KAREN

Please, just tell me.

MIKE

(with a sigh)

Twelve eighteen Third Street, the  
Bronx.

KAREN

Thanks, Mike. I know you don't  
believe any of it, but you've been  
a big help.

She steps into the street, hailing a passing cab. He shouts after  
her.

MIKE

It's not going to do you any good.  
There's nothing there.

She opens the door to the cab, looking back at him.

KAREN

You better hope I find something.

MIKE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

KAREN

Charles Lee Ray threatened to kill  
two people as he died. Eddie  
Caputo's dead. That leaves you.

She slips into the cab, the cab pulling away. He stares after it,  
muttering under his breath.

MIKE

Thanks. Thanks a lot.

He slips behind the wheel of his car, starting it up, and pulling  
away from the curb in a screech of burning rubber.

127 INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Mike drives, his face taut with concentration. He turns on the  
radio, listening to some relaxing music for a moment. It doesn't  
relax him. He flicks it off, swearing to himself.

MIKE

Godamnit.

He swings the wheel.

128 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car does a one-eighty, reversing direction, speeding down the  
street.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The car pulls to a halt before the police station. Mike hops  
out and heads inside. He nods to a couple of cops talking on  
the steps as he disappears inside.

A few moments pass. Suddenly the passenger side door to his car  
opens, the light going on inside the car. Something small, unseen  
but heard, crawls inside the car. The door shuts, the light going  
off. Darkness inside the car again.

130 INT. MIKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

He comes through the door, goes to his file cabinets, and pulls  
the one marked "Charles Lee Ray." He goes back out the door,  
slamming it behind him.

131 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

He comes out the front door, and climbs into his car. He starts  
it up, pulling away from the curb.

132 INT. UNMARKED COP CAR - NIGHT

He drives, the file beside him on the seat. He turns on the radio. More soothing music. It seems to make him feel better now. A second passes; then another; and another. Nothing happens. He pulls out a cigarette, pushing in the lighter on the dash.

Suddenly Chucky rears up on the seat behind him and whips Andy's Slinky around his neck, laughing gleefully as he pulls the steel wires tight.

CHUCKY  
Goodnight, asshole!

He braces himself with both small legs against the back of the seat, pulling on the wire with all his strength. Mike gags, his cigarette dropping as he grabs at the wire, gasping for air that suddenly isn't there.

133 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car veers across the street onto the sidewalk, taking out a row of garbage cans before Mike fights it back into the street.

134 INT. CAR - NIGHT

He fumbles wildly over his shoulder for the doll with one hand, the other on the wheel, his face purpling. Chucky just laughs maniacally.

CHUCKY  
Isn't this fun, Mikey?

He yanks even harder on the wire, Mike starting to black out, the road ahead beginning to blur. His free hand beating spasmodically on the dash. The lighter suddenly pops out. He grabs it, jamming it with all his failing strength into the side of Chucky's face. The skin sizzles and smokes, starting to melt. The doll screams in agony. He drops the wire, flipping out of sight behind the back seat. Mike grabs hold of the wheel, getting control of the car as he gasps for air.

He starts to hit the brakes only to suddenly scream, arching forward, grabbing at his back. A knife has been thrust through the back of the seat and an inch into the small of his back. He glances over his shoulder at the back of the seat. It suddenly erupts with more knife thrusts, the sharp, gleaming blade tearing through the upholstery again and again, seeking his life. He shifts his body, trying to avoid the blade, the car and the road suddenly forgotten.

135 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car cuts across the street, side swiping a parked car, ripping its paneling off as it barrels past.

136 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mike fights the wheel, hitting the brake again. The car begins to slow. Suddenly a blade is thrust up through the bottom of the seat directly between his legs, almost cutting off his balls. He lifts his body off the seat, the road forgotten.

137 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car leaps up onto the sidewalk, taking out a street lamp before it bounds back onto the street.

138 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mike keeps his body raised, the seat beneath him becoming a shredded mess as that blade is shoved up from underneath the floor boards again and again, missing him narrowly as he reaches underneath the seat, trying to get a grip on Chucky. He screams, withdrawing his hand. The doll has slashed him across the palm. Suddenly the doll shoots out from under the seat and slams into the gas peddle between his feet, shoving it flat to the floorboards as he grins up at Mike.

CHUCKY

Let's go for a ride, Mikey. Wheeee!

139 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car shoots forward, tearing down the street, slamming into another car, flipping up on its side, sliding for fifty feet before it piles into the side of a building, smashing to a halt upside down in a hail of falling bricks and mortar.

140 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mike shakes his head, slowly cracking open his eyes with a groan. He finds himself laying on the inside of the car roof, staring into Chucky's grinning face. The doll's hairline has changed. It's receding just like Charles Lee Ray's was, his fingernails long and scraggly just like the killer's. But his eyes are the worst of all. They're no longer doll's eyes. They are the orbs of Charles Lee Ray, icy blue, terribly human, and terribly mad. The doll grins at him.

CHUCKY

Hi, Mikey!

He leaps forward, stabbing at Mike's face with the kitchen knife. Mike jerks his head aside just in time, the knife burying itself deeply in the side of the car door next to his ear. He grabs for the doll, missing him as Chucky skitters out a broken window, laughing madly at him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Hidey ho, bet you can't catch me!

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

Mike digs in his shoulder holster for his gun, fumbling it out, and looking around for the doll. Chucky suddenly appears behind him, staring in at him through through the smashed side window.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Won't do you any good. You can't hurt me.

Mike whirls, firing at him. He misses, the doll ducking out of sight outside the car again. Mike lays there, looking around at all the smashed windows, wondering where Chucky is going to appear next. Suddenly there's a ripping noise behind him and he jerks his head around just in time to see Chucky pull the knife free from the inside of the door. He fires again, missing the doll as he skips away behind the outside of the car, his voice echoing back to Mike.

CHUCKY (o.s.) (Cont.)

What's wrong, Mikey? Hands shaking on you?

Mike lays there in the silence of the wrecked car, trying to watch all the broken windows at the same time, knowing the doll is lurking just outside the car, waiting for his chance to stab him to death. Suddenly he hears a voice behind him.

CHUCKY (o.s.) (Cont.)

So long, Mikey --

He whirls to see the doll staring at him through the smashed front window, the gleaming blade in his hand. The doll starts to walk toward him. Mike fires, the bullet catching Chucky in the shoulder, blowing a hole through his plastic skin and sending a puff of cloth stuffing into the air. It knocks the doll off his feet, sending him flying back. He hits the ground on his back and lays there, not moving. Mike stares at the doll, hardly daring to breathe. Is he dead? Is he? The little bastard isn't moving. Just as Mike begins to dare to hope, Chucky sits up, grinning at him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Hi, Mikey.

He rises to his feet, fingering the hole in his shoulder. Stuffing sticks out, but beyond that there seems to be little damage.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Told you. Sticks and stones can't hurt me and neither can bullets.

Suddenly blood wells up in the hole, the doll staring at it in shock.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Whaaaaat --

It starts to drip down his plastic skin, staining his rainbow colored shirt. Chucky stares at it, his face twisting into a mask of insane rage.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

No, no, it can't be!

Mike lifts his gun, aiming at the doll, about to take another shot. Chucky hears him cocking the weapon, jerks his head up to see the gun barrel drawing down on him and whirls, ducking out the smashed front window just as Mike fires. He misses, blowing away the upside down rearview mirror. He hears the doll skittering away down the street, his high-pitched voice screaming back at him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Later, Mikey, later --

Then silence. Mike slumps back against the side door, breathing hard, staring at nothing, trying to believe what he's just seen.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - WARD FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

The elevator doors clang open and Andy steps out, a small suitcase in his hand. Dr. Ardmore is by his side. A huge MALE ORDERLY slams the doors shut, using a key to lock it. No way out there. The psychiatrist takes Andy by the hand, leading the small boy down the seemingly endless corridor past a rec room for the patients. Andy glances inside. Boys and girls fifteen and under sit around staring at nothing or humming to themselves or watching a tv that shows only static, all of them obviously mad. As Andy continues down the hall he passes door after door with small rectangular peepholes in them. They lead to the patient's room. All of them bolt from the outside. More ORDERLIES pass, big strong young men easily capable of restraining the much younger patients if necessary. Kids Andy's age or not much older sit in chairs or on the floor staring off vacantly at nothing. One of them, MONA, a twelve-year old girl with a washed-out blond beauty sits with her back against the wall, slowly beating her head against it and humming a nonsensical tune to herself. All of them are stoned on prescription drugs or just too disassociated inside their heads to focus on anything. All the windows have bars on them. Everything is painted a sickening hospital green. Occasional screams echo up and down the hall, some emerging from behind the barred doors. Dr. Ardmore and Andy pass one which is open. Andy glances inside. Two huge ORDERLIES are struggling to fit a boy not much older than Andy into a straight jacket. Andy shudders and turns away. This place is truly for the insane.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

Dr. Ardmore stops before one of the doors with the rectangular viewing panel. He opens it for Andy with a smile.

DR. ARDMORE  
Here's where you'll be staying,  
Andy. I hope you like it.

Andy enters, the psychiatrist following.

142 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

There is a window to the outside, a simple cot, a desk, and one chair. Everything is painted the same uniform institutional green. Andy drops his small suitcase on the bed, the doctor talking as he walks to the window, opening it to let fresh air in. It is barred, the bars much too narrow for even someone as small as Andy to squeeze through. Dr. Ardmore tries to put a good face on it.

DR. ARDMORE  
Nice, isn't it? Of course, I'm sure  
your mother will bring some of your  
stuff from home --

Andy turns away from the bed to find himself staring at Chucky seated on the desk. He jumps back against the wall with a strangled scream, staring at the doll. Dr. Ardmore turns to look at him.

DR. ARDMORE (Cont.)  
What's wrong?

Andy points at the doll, hardly able to speak. Dr. Ardmore walks over to it, picking it up easily in one hand.

DR. ARDMORE (Cont.)  
Yes, that's right. It's Chucky.  
But see, he's only a doll.

He throws him against a wall. The doll hits it and bounds to the floor, not moving. The doctor walks over and picks him up, holding him out to Andy to see.

DR. ARDMORE (Cont.)  
Here. Do you think Chucky would  
have let me do that if he were  
alive?

Andy stares at the doll.

ANDY  
That's not Chucky.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

DR. ARDMORE

Of course, it is. Look at him.

ANDY

It's not Chucky. He just looks like Chucky.

Dr. Ardmore sees his ruse isn't working and drops it.

DR. ARDMORE

All right, it isn't Chucky. But Chucky is a doll just like this one and he's dead just like this one.

ANDY

(shaking his head again)

No, he isn't. Chucky's alive. And he's going to come here to get me.

DR. ARDMORE

(smiling)

Don't be silly, Andy. Chucky isn't coming for you. He can't. He's a doll. And even if he weren't he could never get inside this building.

Andy goes to the window, staring out between the bars. It over looks a courtyard far below.

ANDY

He'll find a way. I know him. He'll find a way and come here and try to kill me.

DR. ARDMORE

You don't have to worry about it, Andy. I'm here. I'll protect you. You try to get some sleep now.

He carries the doll out of the room, closing the door behind him. Andy can hear the bolt slamming home, locking him in. He continues to stare out the window, talking to himself.

ANDY

You won't be able to stop him. No one will. He's going to come here and kill me --

CUT TO:

## 143 INT. CHARLES LEE RAY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door opens. Karen stands in the corridor with the SUPER, a fat slob of a man. She lays a twenty in his hand and he disappears down the hall. Karen steps inside the apartment closing the door behind her. She looks around.

The place is a pigsty, more a nest for a rodent than a home for a human being. The room is filthy, trash littering the floor, the few pieces of furniture torn apart and filthy with age. Scraps of food dot the floor, flies buzzing around. She steps over them, heading for the door to the bedroom.

## 144 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

She steps into the room and stops with a shock, staring at the walls. The room is a giant mural, the work of a madman, all four walls covered with the impressionistic, terribly disturbed and disturbing paintings. The first wall shows a man, a self-portrait by the artist, Charles Lee Ray, beseeching a black man dressed in a Haitian costume. The black man has a very distinctive face, kind eyes surrounded with coal black skin. Karen doesn't know what Ray is asking of the man. The mural seems to depict the beginning of some kind of ritual. Her eyes travel to the next wall. It shows Ray receiving seven slashes on one wrist, his blood dripping onto a small wooden effigy of himself, a primitive doll or Gris-Gris as the Haitians call it. The third wall shows Ray with the effigy hung about his neck by a leather thong, on his knees before a huge snake God who rears up above him, the lower half human, the upper half snake, his beady lidless eyes staring down at the small man below, his forked tongue spitting poison at him, the horrid substance slicking his entire body and dripping to the floor, puddling around his feet.

Karen steps back, recoiling from the picture, something so hideous and wrong with it that she can hardly stand to look at it. She turns her gaze to the fourth and final wall. Ray lies there dead on some filthy floor, but he's been transformed. Another man stands over his body and out of those eyes stare the crazy, maniacal eyes of Charles Lee Ray. The other man even has the same demented grin. Karen gasps as she realizes what it is. It's a mural of rebirth, the rebirth of the mad artist and killer, Charles Lee Ray, and there written on the wall in what can only be dried blood are the words, "Oh, thank you, mighty Damballa, for life after Death!

She turns, ready to flee the place only to discover herself staring at a flier attached to the wall. "Dr. Death," it advertises, "John Aelsop Bishop, Papalois of Santeria. Your Wish Is His Command." and beneath that is an address in Brooklyn. But it isn't the words that command Karen's attention. It is the picture of the man on the front of the flier. She rips it off the wall and turns to the mural on the first wall, the one depicting Ray beseeching a black man in ceremonial garb for something. It is the same face as in the picture. It is a drawing of Doctor Death, John Aelsop Bishop.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

Someone suddenly speaks from behind her.

MIKE (o.s.)

Voodoo.

She whirls to find herself staring at Mike Norris. He stands in the doorway staring back at her.

KAREN

Did you check it out?

MIKE

(with a shrug)

Why bother? He was dead. I thought that was the end of Charles Lee Ray.

KAREN

And now?

He holds up the hand Chucky sliced the night before. It is covered with a clean new bandage.

MIKE

Chucky attacked me last night. He almost killed me. I'd stopped by the station house to pull Charles Lee Rays' file. Know what I found out?

KAREN

What?

MIKE

His nickname was Chucky. But it won't do Andy any good.

KAREN

Why not?

MIKE

We have no proof, no hard evidence that anybody's going to believe.

KAREN

I know one person who's going to believe us.

MIKE

Who?

KAREN

Dr. Death.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

She holds up the picture of the black man. It's as though he's smiling directly at Mike.

CUT TO:

145 INT. DR. DEATH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DR. DEATH, also known as JOHN AELSOP BISHOP, leans over a small BABY held in his MOTHER'S arms. He wears the ceremonial headdress of a Papalois Witch Doctor. The child's FATHER watches anxiously. He and the mother are Haitian peasants. The infant bawls incessantly. The croup maybe, maybe something worse. Dr. Death rubs the infant with an amulet, mumbling in that foreign tongue similar to that used by Charles Lee Ray when he was dying. He is exactly as he was in the mural, of indeterminate age, tall and very black with kindly brown eyes. The room is festooned with dolls of all shapes and sizes from the most primitive to store brought. They're nailed to the walls and hang from the ceiling, hardly a square inch of blank space left. Dr. Death suddenly stops his chant, finished. The baby stops crying an instant later. The room is suddenly deafeningly quiet. Dr. Death turns to the mother and hands her the amulet.

DR. DEATH

Here. Keep this with him at night  
and he won't cough anymore.

MOTHER

Oh, thank you, doctor, thank you

--

She abjectly bows her way out of the room, the husband pushing a few dollar bills in the doctor's hands, afraid to touch him, anxious to be gone, and yet happy that his baby has stopped crying. Dr. Death watches the two of them out the door and turns wearily for the kitchen.

146 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He steps into his kitchen, taking off his ceremonial headdress and laying it on the sink. Somehow it transforms him from Doctor Death to John Aelsop Bishop, a much more approachable man. He picks up a cup, going about the mundane business of fixing himself a cup of tea. Suddenly there is a voice behind him, that frighteningly familiar high-pitched squeak mixed with an adult timber.

CHUCKY (o.s.)

Hello, John.

John Bishop whirls, staring about the room. There is no one there. The voice comes again.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

CHUCKY (Cont.) (o.s.)  
Over here, John.

He turns again, this time staring at the window. Chucky stands on the sill, staring back at him. He smiles.

CHUCKY (Cont.)  
Hi.

John Bishop drops the tea cup, the delicate china smashing into a million pieces on the floor. As John Bishop stares open-mouthed, Chucky hops onto the sink and twirls, his arms held out.

CHUCKY (Cont.)  
What do you think? The gris-gris work?  
(John nods numbly)  
Of course, I wasn't close to another human being when I was dying so I had to use the next best body available. Freaky, huh?

All John Bishop can do is nod again. Chucky stares at him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)  
You know, when I came here learning all that stuff about how to be beat death, I thought maybe you were pulling my chain. But not now. Un-unh, not now. Only one problem.

JOHN  
(a hoarse croak)  
What?

CHUCKY  
This.

He pulls up his rainbow colored shirt revealing his bullet wound from the night before. He has shoved the stuffing back inside and plastered it over with a bandaid.

CHUCKY (Cont.)  
I didn't think anything could hurt me. After all, I'm in a doll's body, right? But last night I got shot. You know something? It hurt. It hurt like a son-of-a-bitch. It even bled. Now why's that, John? You wouldn't think something like that would happen, would you?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN  
(slowly)  
You're turning human.

CHUCKY  
What?

JOHN  
(nodding)  
The more time you spend in that  
body, the more human you'll become.  
Lungs, heart, blood vessels, even  
human skin.

CHUCKY  
You mean I'll be some kind of human  
midget someday? You mean I'll have  
to live out the rest of my life  
in this body!

John Bishop nods. Chucky goes into a tirade, striding across the  
sink, destroying it, tossing pots and pans this way and that,  
heaving appliances crashing to floor.

CHUCKY (Cont.)  
No, no, no, I won't allow it. I'm  
not going to be some kind of freak  
for the rest of my life. There  
has to be a way out. There has to  
be!

He suddenly whirls on John Bishop, staring up at him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)  
You got me into this. Tell me what  
do I have to do to get out?

JOHN  
You have to transfer your soul out  
of the doll into a human being.

That breaks Chucky up. He begins laughing maniacally.

CHUCKY  
Well, that's easy enough. There  
are enough people walking around  
out there. I'll just chose the first  
good looking guy I meet. I've  
always wanted to be good looking.  
(in a renewed fit of  
laughter)  
Maybe the woman will like it better  
that way when I kill them. What  
do you think?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (3)

He looks up at John Bishop. The black man looks down at him, hardly able to hide his revulsion.

JOHN

You don't understand. Not just any person. The first person you revealed your true self to.

CHUCKY

You mean the first person I let in on the fact I was really alive?

John Bishop nods. Chucky goes into renewed gales of laughter, tears running out of his buttony eyes and down his plastic face.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

I don't believe it. I just don't believe it.

JOHN

What?

CHUCKY

The first person I let in on my little secret was a six-year old kid. I'm going to be six years old again.

(suddenly sobering)

Of course, he does have a beautiful mother. Not that I'll be able to do much about it now. But I'll grow up, won't I, doc? And when I do --

He turns, crossing the kitchen counter for the window.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Well, thanks, doc. You've been a big help. And remember to keep your mouth shut. We wouldn't want anybody else in on our little secret, would we?

JOHN

I'm afraid I can't do that, Charles.

Chucky has just reached the sill, about to disappear out the window when he stops and turns toward the doctor. The smile is gone from his plastic little face.

CHUCKY

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (4)

JOHN

You're insane, Charles. Criminally insane. I didn't know that when I taught you the gris-gris. I didn't know you were the Bayside Strangler. I had to find out on the seven o'clock news, but if I had, none of this would have happened. Believe me!

He turns for the door. Chucky takes a step after him, his buttony eyes turning glittery.

CHUCKY

What are you going to do?

JOHN

I'm going to call the police. I'm going to tell them about you and save that little boy. You're an abomination, Charles. You have to be stopped.

He goes out the door into the living room.

147 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

John Aelsop Bishop crosses to the phone, picking it up, and beginning to dial. Chucky appears in the doorway to the kitchen, leaning against the jam, looking up at him.

CHUCKY

You know, I thought something like this might happen. That's why I prepared for it.

JOHN

(into the phone)

Yes, this is an emergency. Get me the police.

(back to Chucky)

What are you talking about?

CHUCKY

This.

With exaggerated casualness, he pulls out a small wooden effigy of John Aelsop Bishop from behind his back. He holds it up for the doctor to see.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Your own personal mojo, doc. Made  
out of your hair, your clothes,  
even bathed in a little bit of your  
own blood, right?

Fear leaps into John Bishop's eyes. He drops the phone, hurrying  
across the room toward Chucky.

JOHN

Give me that --

CHUCKY

Sure. How do you want it? With a  
knife through the leg.

He suddenly whips his kitchen knife out from behind his back and  
sinks the blade deep into the right leg of the doll. Blood  
spurts out of John Bishop's right leg. He grabs it, hitting the  
floor with a scream. He lays there, moaning in pain. Chucky grins  
down at him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Shouldn't tell your customers your  
professional secrets. Gets you in  
trouble every time.

He slits the doll across the arm. John Bishop screams, grabbing  
his arm as it erupts in blood. He writhes on the floor in pain,  
Chucky grinning at him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Well, John, it's been nice, but  
I've got to go. I have a date with  
a six-year old.

(giving him one last  
final look)

And you have a date with death.

He plunges the knife into the doll's chest. Dr. John screams,  
grabbing his chest as blood suddenly gurgles up through his  
shirt, his breath becoming labored and short, his body going into  
the shock just prior to death. Chucky throws his mojo on the  
floor next to him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

So long, doc. I can't say it hasn't  
been fun.

And he's gone with a high-pitched laugh, leaving John Bishop  
writhing on the floor in his death throes as he escapes out the  
kitchen window.

## 148 EXT. STREET - LITTLE HAITI SECTION OF BROOKLYN - DAY

Mike pulls up in his car. He and Karen get out and hurry toward Dr. Death's tenement apartment. Black faces look at them with frank curiosity, but no one makes a move to interfere with them. They disappear into the tenement.

## 149 INT. TENEMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

John Bishop lays on the floor, gasping for breath. The door swings open and Karen and Mike stand there, looking down at him. Her face pales.

KAREN

Oh, my God --

She falls to her knees beside John Bishop as Mike dives for the phone, dialing the emergency number for the paramedics. Karen works on Bishop, trying to staunch his bleeding. He looks up at her, shaking his head.

JOHN

Too late. Must save the boy --

KAREN

What boy?

JOHN

Little boy, some little boy --

KAREN

It's my little boy. Did Chucky do this to you?

(he stares at her  
blankly)

Charles Lee Ray. Did he do this to you?

John Bishop manages to nod. Karen leans over him, whispering in his ear, realizing he's losing strength fast.

KAREN (Cont.)

He's killed people and my little boy is taking the blame for it. I have to find him and stop him

--

John Bishop grabs her sleeve, pulling her close, whispering in her ear with the last of his failing strength.

JOHN

Go to your little boy. He's headed there. Must get his soul inside him just like he got it into doll

--

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

KAREN

(her eyes widening in  
terror)

What? Ray's going to do the same  
thing to Andy that he did to the  
doll?

John Bishop nods, barely managing to whisper.

JOHN

Yes. Take him over. You must stop  
him before he says the chant. Kill  
him before he can say it --

KAREN

How? Nothing stops him.

JOHN

The heart. His heart is almost  
human. It's the only way, through  
the heart --

He dies in her arm. Mike hangs up the phone, looking at her.

MIKE

The paramedics are on the way.

KAREN

(closing John Bishop's  
eyes)

They're going to be too late.

She leaps to her feet, heading for the door.

KAREN (Cont.)

Come on --

MIKE

Where?

KAREN

Bellevue. Chucky's going after Andy!

She's out the door. Mike is right behind her.

CUT TO:

150 INT. BELLEVUE - ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Andy sits on his bed, his feet curled up under him, staring at the door, wondering if Chucky is going to come at him that way. Thunder crashes outside his window, a storm beginning, and then beneath it another sound. A scraping sound that doesn't belong there. Andy slowly turns and looks at the window. The scraping sound is growing louder. He rises and pads toward the window.

## 151 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Andy pokes his head out, staring down the side of the building. Rain begins to slash down from the storm clouds overhead, the day suddenly so dark Andy can hardly see in front of him. Lightening flashes, illuminating everything. Andy gasps. Chucky is no more than ten feet below him, climbing up a drain pipe attached to the side of the building. He looks up at Andy, smiling broadly as the rain beads and runs down his plastic face.

CHUCKY

Hi, Andy. Hold on a sec. I'll be right there.

## 152 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Andy leaps off the window sill and races to the door, standing on a chair to scream out the rectangular viewing port in the door.

ANDY

Help me, he's coming to kill me.  
Help me!

## 153 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Up and down the corridor, kids come to the viewing ports in their doors, echoing Andy's screams as though it's a game.

KIDS ALL TOGETHER

Help me, help me, he's coming to kill me!

Raucous laughter follows, other kids in the hallway joining along. The ORDERLIES don't even bother to look up. This happens to the crazies all the time, especially during an electrical storm. It continues to thunder and lightening outside.

## 154 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Andy leaps off the chair, running from the door to the window.

## 155 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

He looks out the window at Chucky on the drain pipe below. He no longer need the lightening to see into the preternatural darkness. The doll is now no more than five feet away. Chucky looks up at him.

CHUCKY

Hold on, Andy, just hold on.

He starts climbing again.

## 156 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Andy leaps off the window sill, looking around desperately for some way to save himself. Block the window, that's it, block the window so Chucky can't get in. He upends the table, shoving it against the window, grabbing the chair from across the room and shoving it against the table, anything to block that window.

## 157 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Chucky climbs up onto the ledge outside Andy's window to find himself facing the table. His plastic face purples with rage, bloody veins beginning to show through as he undergoes his transformation, rain soaking his small body.

CHUCKY

Think a table will stop me, boy.  
No way. No fucking way!

He steps forward, thrusting his hand through the crack in between the table and the window edge.

## 158 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Chucky's hand shoots in between the crack, flailing around for Andy. Andy, his back against the table, ducks aside, Chucky unable to reach him.

## 159 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Chucky pulls his hand back out, screaming through the crack in the window.

CHUCKY

Going to be smart about it, are  
we? Well, not smart enough!

He turns away, walking down the ledge toward the window one room over, the rain slashing down, but not bothering the doll.

## 160 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Andy hears Chucky moving away. He leaps for the door, screaming up at the viewing port.

ANDY

Help me, somebody's got to help  
me!

## 161 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Ardmore hurries down the corridor, brought by all the noise. He stops by the door to Andy's room, peering through it.

162 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Andy sees the doctor's face appear in the port and jumps up and down madly. Someone's here to save him.

ANDY

He's here, doctor, Chucky's here!

163 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The doctor stares through the port. He sees nothing but an empty room with all the furniture piled up against the window and a small boy inside, obviously insane with paranoid delusions.

DR. ARDMORE

I don't see anybody.

164 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

ANDY

(frantic)

But he's here. Chucky's here and he's going to kill me!

165 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Ardmore turns away from the door, speaking to an Orderly as he passes.

DR. ARDMORE

I'm going to get him a shot of Thorazine. Keep the others quiet if you can.

He strides rapidly down the hall toward his office, the Orderly moving toward some screaming crazies grouped in a corner of the corridor.

166 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Andy stands on his chair, watching the doctor walk away, tears in his eyes.

ANDY

No, don't leave me, please, don't leave me!

But the doctor's gone. Andy turns, staring about the room. Chucky's coming. Where can he hide? Nowhere is the answer.

167 INT. ORDERLY'S LOUNGE - DAY

An Orderly sits at a chair, making out a report. Chucky slips through the window, dropping silently to the floor. He slips the man's pass key off the key ring dangling from his belt and slides silently out the door.

## 168 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

MONA, the crazy young girl Andy noticed when he came in, sits with her back against a wall, staring out at nothing. Chucky stops in front of her, snagging her attention.

CHUCKY

Want to take me for a walk?

She stares at him for a moment, seeing nothing out of the ordinary in a talking doll. She slowly nods. Chucky grins.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Good.

He hops into her arms. She slowly rises, starting down the hall with the doll. She passes the lounge where the Orderly sits, still at his reports. He looks up as she passes.

## 169 INT. LOUNGE - DAY

ORDERLY

Hi, Mona. Where you going?

She nods at the doll in her arms.

MONA

He wants to go for a walk.

ORDERLY

That's nice.

Smiling at her obvious craziness, he turns back to his report. Mona disappears from the doorway, moving down the corridor.

## 170 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Mona stops before the door to Andy's room. Chucky leans out from his position in her arms and unlocks the door. He pushes it open, dropping to the floor and disappearing into the room before anyone notices. Mona is left standing there, staring blankly at the door as it closes shut.

## 171 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Chucky turns away from the door, staring about the room. His shadow dances crazily against the back wall as the lightening crackles and thunder booms outside the window. The room is empty except for a huddled mass beneath the covers. Chucky grins as he sees it.

CHUCKY

Want to play hide and seek, do we?

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

He throws aside the pass key, whips out his butcher knife, and leaps onto the bed, grabbing hold of the blankets with one hand, brandishing the knife with the other.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Well, I've found you!

He whips back the covers to discover the bed empty, just a mass of blankets bunched up to make it look like Andy was under there. His face flushes with fury as he looks wildly about the room.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

What? Where are you? Where are you,  
you little --

Andy suddenly breaks from under the bed, grabbing the pass key off the floor as he ducks out the door. Chucky screams in rage, leaping off the bed, and tearing after him.

CHUCKY

No!

172 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Andy races down the corridor just as Dr. Ardmore turns the corner behind him with a hypodermic needle in his hand. He yells as he sees the boy.

DR. ARDMORE

The boy's escaped. Stop him!

He races down the corridor after Andy, Orderlies appearing from patient's room and from near the elevator, all giving chase.

173 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Chucky skids to a halt, staring out the cracked door as Dr. Ardmore and the orderlies race by in the corridor.

174 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Andy skids to a halt. Orderlies block the way in front of him. Behind him Dr. Ardmore and more orderlies are coming. He jams the pass key into the nearest lock, turning it, opening the door, and diving through it, the door slamming shut behind him.

175 INT. FIRE STAIRS - DAY

He finds himself on the fire stairs. He dives down them.

176 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Ardmore fishes out his pass key, fumbling it as he opens the door Andy went through.

## 177 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Chucky peeks out the door, watching as Ardmore gets the door open and he and the orderlies dive through it. He turns and races across the room toward the window and the drain pipe. Mona stands in the hallway, watching him through the crack in the door with blank eyes.

## 178 INT. FIRE STAIRS - DAY

Andy skids to a halt. He can hear people racing up the stairway from below. He looks over the railing. Sure enough, orderlies are pounding up the stairs. He looks up. Above him he can hear Dr. Ardmore and the others coming down the stairs. Using the pass key, he lets himself through the door on the landing opposite him.

## 179 INT. ANOTHER FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DAY

Andy races down a deserted corridor, the storm outside the windows still building. He hears the lock turning in the door he just came through. He dives through the nearest door off the corridor.

## 180 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

It's total darkness in here. He slides to a halt under a guernsey, making himself small as he hears the thunder of adult feet in the hallway outside. They race by. Then silence. Breathing hard, he comes out from under the guernsey and heads for the door. He's got to get out of here before Chucky finds him again.

Powerful overhead lights suddenly snap on, blinding him. He spins, looking around, shielding his eyes from the glare with his hand. He is in the center of an operating room, a balcony above him. Then he hears that terrible voice.

CHUCKY (o.s)

Going somewhere?

He whirls, looking up at the balcony. Chucky is standing there, grinning at him. Andy dives for the door. Chucky launches himself off the railing, landing squarely on his back, smashing Andy to the floor. He goes rolling into a chest of instruments, the chest crashing to the floor. An array of gleaming scalpels go flying. Andy grabs one, leaping to his feet, whirling to face Chucky. The doll isn't there. Breathing hard, he looks around. No sight of him. Suddenly all the lights go off, plunging the room back into darkness. Out of the blackness and silence comes that terrible voice, whispering to him again.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Thought you were going to get away,  
did you? Well, there's no getting  
away from me. Not now, not ever!

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

Andy spins. Where is he? Where is Chucky? A hand suddenly grabs him by the nape of the neck, lifting him flailing into the air. A light snaps on, and he finds himself staring into Dr. Ardmore's worried face.

DR. ARDMORE

Easy, Andy, easy. You don't need this anymore.

He takes the scalpel from him, carrying him toward the operating table.

ANDY

But I do. Chucky's in the room and he's trying to kill me.

DR. ARDMORE

Sure he is --

ANDY

Please, listen to me. He'll kill you, too --

The doctor sets Andy on the operating table, keeping a firm grip on him as he holds up the hypodermic needle full of Thorazine. Andy jerks back in fear.

ANDY (Cont.)

No, please --

DR. ARDMORE

This will only hurt for a second  
--

The doctor raises the needle, about to plunge it home when suddenly he stiffens, screaming. He looks down in horror at his right leg. A scalpel is buried in his thigh up to its hilt. He drops Andy to the floor, the boy hitting his head against a leg table, momentarily stunned. The doctor clutches his thigh, his needle forgotten as he goes crashing to the floor. Chucky steps out from behind a ventilator, grinning at him.

CHUCKY

Hello, doc.

Dr. Ardmore stares at the doll, his mind unable to comprehend what his eyes are seeing. He starts stuttering to himself in disbelief.

DR. ARDMORE

No, no, no --

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCKY  
(grinning wildly)  
Oh, yes, yes, yes --

He suddenly slaps a headset contraption of steel over both the doctor's temples.

CHUCKY (Cont.)  
Is this what you use to make your  
crazy patients better? Shock  
treatments, aren't they called?

He hops onto a chair, staring down at a bank of instruments.

CHUCKY (Cont.)  
They used them on me once, but I  
don't think they worked. You think  
they'll work on you?

He turns the panel on, his finger poised above a button. The doctor sees what the doll is about to do, his eyes widening in fear. He screams, the scalpel buried in his thigh forgotten as he digs at the headset, trying to get it off.

DR. ARDMORE  
No!

CHUCKY  
Yes!

He punches the button, a huge jolt of electricity suddenly shooting through the doctor's body. Ardmore's eyes roll back in their sockets showing pure white, his entire body bucking, once, twice, three times as the jolts course through him. Across the room, Andy shakes his head, clearing it, seeing the horrible sight. He leaps to his feet, launching himself at Chucky.

ANDY  
Stop!

The doll whirls, an aluminum tray in his hand, smashing it into Andy's face. The small boy goes flying back across the room, skidding to a halt against the far wall. Chucky turns, staring down at the doctor. The man lays on the floor, groaning. Chucky shakes his head, clucking his tongue.

CHUCKY  
No, you're not cured, not at all.  
You need more!

He shoves the voltage regulator all the way up and slams the button down again, this time holding it there. The doctor's body goes rigid, his hair starting to crackle and fry, his eyeballs popping, his skin turning black. Chucky just watches and laughs.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (3)

CHUCKY (Cont.)

You better yet, doc? Huh, you better yet?

He laughs maniacally, enjoying himself to the max as Andy looks up to see what is going on. Horrified and sickened by the sight, he scrambles to his feet, lurching out of the room, his stomach threatening to do flip flops on him. Chucky is much too into his own sadistic enjoyment of what he is doing to even notice.

DISSOLVE TO:

181 INT. CORRIDOR - DUSK

Mike and Karen come through the door, walking down the corridor past cops and plain clothes detectives. The CORONER is here, Ardmore's body being wheeled out as they come to a halt before Jack Santos.

MIKE

What happened?

JACK

(glancing at Karen)

Excuse me, ma'am.

He takes Mike's arm, leading him away a few feet to whisper to him. Karen looks around, spotting Mona hunched against a wall. She walks over to her.

JACK (Cont.)

Her kid killed Dr. Ardmore.

MIKE

What?

JACK

(nodding)

Fried him to a crisp with the electric shock machine and escaped.

MIKE

Escaped where?

JACK

We don't know.

He turns to look at Karen. She's trying to get Mona to talk.

JACK (Cont.)

But I bet she does.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

MIKE

Where's Chucky? Have you seen him around?

JACK

Who?

MIKE

The boy's doll. The same one we had at the station house. Have you seen him around?

JACK

No, of course not. What the hell would he be doing here?

Mike abruptly turns away. Jack stares after him.

JACK

Hey, Mike, where you going?

Mike ignores him, coming to a stop by Karen who has just finished talking to Mona. Mike grabs her arm, hustling her toward the door.

MIKE

They think Andy did it.

KAREN

I know. That little girl said Chucky had been here. He was looking for Andy.

MIKE

Where's Andy now?

KAREN

I'm sure he's at home. That's where I've always told him to go when he's in trouble.

MIKE

What about a key to get in?

KAREN

Hidden under the mat.

MIKE

Come on. We haven't got much time.

He picks up his pace, he and Karen heading for the door, Jack yelling after him.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (2)

JACK  
Hey, Mike, where you going?

Mike and Karen slam through the door, Jack staring after them.

CUT TO:

182 INT. BARCLAY APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen as a key turns in the lock and the door opens. Andy steps inside, relocking it behind him. He runs for the living room.

183 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He closes and locks all the windows. He turns for the kitchen.

184 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

He stops before the window Maggie went out a few scant days before. It is boarded up. He pulls at the plywood. Solid. He turns for the hall.

185 INT. HALL - NIGHT

He races down the hall toward his room.

186 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He runs into his room, locking all the windows. He stops, leaning against a wall, breathing hard. His gaze falls on his toy chest. It's just spilling over with toys. He stares at it, an idea beginning to form in his head.

187 EXT. ANDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

JOHNNY, a little boy no older than Andy, stops before the apartment building. He looks up at it, then turns to the doll in his arms. It is Chucky.

JOHNNY  
Is this it?

CHUCKY  
This is it.

Johnny starts toward the lobby. MR. and MRS. JOHNSON, a middle-age couple, pass by. The man recognizes him.

MAN  
Hey, Johnny, shouldn't you be getting home? Your mother's going to worry.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

(glancing up at him)

In a minute. Mr. Johnson. Chucky  
wants me to drop him off here first.

He nods at the doll, disappearing inside the building. Mr.  
Johnson glances at his wife, chuckling as he shakes his head.

MR. JOHNSON

Kids, huh?

Mrs. Johnson smiles back as they continue down the street.

188 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy races around his bedroom, pulling down all the shades,  
making the room as dark as possible. Finished, he starts  
unscrewing all the light bulbs so they won't work, stopping  
before the wall switch. He flicks it. The overhead light in the  
ceiling goes on, bathing the room in light. He stares up at it  
hopelessly. It's way beyond his reach.

189 INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

An elderly couple, GEORGE AND LUCY, stand waiting for the up  
elevator. It stops on their floor, the doors opening. They climb  
inside, the doors closing behind them.

190 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Lucy jabs George, nodding down at their feet as the elevator  
rises.

LUCY

Look, George, some child has left  
their doll in the elevator.

George looks down. Chucky sprawls there in the corner, totally  
doll like. Lucy bends down to pick him up. George grabs her,  
stopping her.

GEORGE

Leave it alone. Whoever left it  
there will come back looking for  
it.

Lucy straightens, looking at him.

LUCY

You sure?

GEORGE

Positive.

The elevator stops on their floor. They get out.

191 EXT. FOURTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Lucy stops, looking back at the doll. It looks more and more like Charles Lee Ray all the time, receding hairline, scaraggly hair, long, dirty fingernails. She wrinkles her nose.

LUCY

Ugly doll.

She turns away as the door closes. The floor indicator lights blink as the elevator climbs toward the sixth floor.

192 INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy jabs at the overhead light fixture with a broom from the kitchen, finally busting it, plunging the room into total darkness except for the spill from the hallway. He grins happily.

193 INT. OUTSIDE CORRIDOR - SIXTH FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator opens on Andy's floor. No one comes out. The doors close again, the floor indicator showing the elevator is heading for the penthouse.

194 INT. BARCLAY APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Andy hunkers down in the front hallway, keeping an eye on the front door as he begins to pour liquid Drano from under the sink into his metal AK-47 squirt gun.

He's just about finished when he hears it, a rustling noise somewhere between a rustle and a scratch. It is coming from somewhere in the apartment. Andy caps the squirt gun, rises, slowly heading down the hallway for the living room, the sound getting louder the closer he gets.

195 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He steps into the living room, looking around. Where is that noise coming from? Then he hears the sound again and looks toward the fireplace. He sees dirt dropping from the flu to land on the logs below. He cautiously approaches, the scraping sound getting closer. He suddenly realizes it's coming from the chimney. He bends over, staring up the fireplace.

There at the top of it he sees Chucky crawling down the chimney. The doll looks down at him, grinning wildly.

CHUCKY

Well, hello there --

He lets go, flying down the chimney directly toward Andy. the small boy jerks his head out, stumbling back as Chucky lands in the middle of the fireplace in an explosion of cinders and dust. He grins up at Andy, his face streaked with dirt.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Surprise! Want a present? How about me?

He leaps to his feet, his hands held out to Andy. He holds the butcher knife in one of them. Andy whirls and dashes out of the room. Chucky looks after him, his face sagging with false disappointment.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Now is that any way to treat someone you love?

He starts walking after him.

196 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Andy races down the hallway into his room, slamming the door behind him. A moment later Chucky appears around the corner from the living room, walking slowly down the hallway toward the door to Andy's room. The knife glints in his hand. He yells at the boy's door as he approaches.

CHUCKY

You can run and hide, but you can't escape. Not from me, you can't. Hidey ho, ha-ha-ha!

197 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

He shoves open the door to find himself in a dark room. He can't see anything. He leaps up on a chair, flicking the light switch. Nothing happens. He looks around at the darkness, chuckling loudly.

CHUCKY

Playing games, are we? Tee, hee, hee. Well, two can play games.

He leaps off the chair and starts across the floor, his knife held ready. The door suddenly slams shut behind him, plunging the room into almost total blackness. He whirls, staring this way and that into the darkness.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Very funny. But not as funny as you're going to look when you see what I have in mind for you.

There's suddenly a hollow whistle, small but loud. Whooo, whooo, it goes. The doll stops, looking around. A head light suddenly pokes out of the dark, stabbing him in his buttony eyes, a chugging sound reaching his ears. He raises his hand to his eyes to see better and yelps.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

An electric train is racing out of the darkness directly toward him. He stares down between his feet. He is straddling the track. He goes to move, but he isn't fast enough, the train smashing into him and carrying him back into the far wall, burying him in a train wreck of box cars, cabooses, and double locomotives.

He pokes his head out of the mess, shoving the cars off him, standing up with a snarl, staring about the darkness.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

You've had it, you little asshole.  
I'm not going to kill you. I'm going  
to do something much worse. I'm  
going to take over your body. Now  
where are you?

He begins to stalk the room. Suddenly he hears tires squeal as they grab for traction, the sound of an engine roaring toward him, twin headlights flying out of the darkness. He dives to his left, a remote control fire engine red Ferrari roaring by him as he rolls to safety. He springs to his feet to hear Andy giggling at him somewhere in the darkness. It drives him crazy.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Laugh at me, will you? Well, I'll  
give you something to laugh about.

He races across the room, leaping into the air to grab the door knob to the hall door, and yanking it open. Light from the hallway spills into the bedroom. Chucky drops to the floor, turning to see Andy pressed against the far wall, the remote control to the model car in his hand. The doll grins triumphantly, hefting his knife. He starts across the room for him. Andy flicks the stick on the remote control. The Ferrari tears out from under the bed, its wheels spinning as it grabs for traction. Chucky turns, seeing it coming directly toward him, enough light to clearly recognize for the first time there is a kitchen knife taped to its hood. With a scream he tries to leap out of the way, but too late. The knife sinks up to its hilt in his plastic and cloth leg, the car slamming to a halt, its toy wheels still spinning. Chucky screams, doubling over in pain as he grabs the knife and tears it out. Blood, human blood, starts to run down his plastic encased leg. He tosses the knife away as suddenly Andy leaps forward, tearing out of the room. Chucky whirls, limping after him at a fast run, screaming at him.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

You're going to suffer for that.  
You hear me, you little fucker?  
Suffer, suffer, suffer!

198 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

He comes through the door only to scream again, throwing his arms up in the air, his legs pumping wildly for balance. He goes flying flat on his back, surrounded by a field of marbles. Andy's spread them all around the floor. The doll sits up, looking at them, his face a mask of rage. He stands, starting down the hallway with a more pronounced limp now just as Andy appears from the living room. He holds his AK-47 squirt gun in his hand. It is aimed at Chucky.

ANDY

Give up and I'll let you live.

CHUCKY

Really? That's more than I intend letting you do.

He continues to march down the hall, the small boy backing up toward the front door, nervously fingering the trigger of the squirt gun.

ANDY

I mean it. Don't come any closer or I'll shoot.

CHUCKY

(smirking)

What're you going to do? Drown me?

With a sudden snarl, he leaps for Andy's throat. The boy squirts him full in the face. Chucky skids to a halt, screaming in pain, digging at his eyes. They're burning him, his skin beginning to melt and run as the Drano reacts chemically with his plastic skin. He pulls his hands away, looking down at them. They're covered with shriveled up pieces of his face.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Whaaaat --

He leaps onto a chair, staring at himself in the hall mirror. One side of his face has caved in and run down his cheek, one buttony eye dangling by a thread. He whirls on Andy, staring at him furiously.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

You little shit --

He leaps off the chair and bounds down the hallway after him. Andy fires at him with the squirt gun again. The Drano hits the doll in the leg. Chucky screams and whirls as Andy fires again, missing him this time as the doll disappears into the living room. Andy stands there in the hallway, looking after him.

ANDY

Chucky?

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

Nothing but silence. Hefting the gun and stealing his nerves, he walks down the hallway toward the living room.

199 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy comes to a halt, staring about the room. No sight of Chucky. He walks the perimeter, keeping his back to the wall. Still no Chucky. He looks at the couch. It is the only piece of furniture big enough for the doll to hide under. He walks over to it, staring down at the dark space underneath.

ANDY

Give up and I'll stop shooting you.

Nothing but silence. Andy falls to his knees, careful to keep the gun ready, staring into the darkness under the couch. No Chucky. Just as he's lifts his head to rise the doll appears over the back of the couch above him, slinging the steel loops of the Slinky over his neck and pulling it tight. Chucky screams with delight.

CHUCKY

Surprise!

Andy drops his squirt gun, flailing wildly, trying to get a grip on the Slinky that is choking him, gasping for air as the room begins to swirl into darkness around him.

200 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mike's car screeches to a halt in front of the building, he and Karen leaping out and racing for the lobby.

201 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

They skid to a halt before the elevator, Mike hitting the button. Karen looks up at the floor indicator. The elevator seems caught on the Penthouse floor.

KAREN

Come on --

She whirls, racing for the fire stairs, Mike right behind her.

202 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky turns the unconscious boy over, looking at his face. He lays his plastic ear against his chest, listening to his heart. He grins.

CHUCKY

Good. Still alive.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

He shoves Andy's hair back from his forehead, clamping his plastic palm there and beginning to recite the same litany he used in the toy store that night he transferred his soul from his human body into that of the doll.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

Oh, Dumballa, Sateria, Macumba,  
Shango -- give me your power once  
more so I may live!

203 INT. FIRE STAIRS - BUILDING - NIGHT

Karen and Mike come running up the stairs, thunder suddenly booming outside and lightening flashing. He skids to a halt on a landing, looking out the window. The sky is turning dark with roiling storm clouds directly above the building, the lightening and thunder building.

MIKE

No --

Karen stops, looking back.

KAREN

What?

MIKE

It's like that night at the toy  
store. It's happening all over  
again.

KAREN

Come on. He's started the chant  
--

She dashes up the stairs, Mike right behind her.

204 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky kneels on Andy's chest, his palm pressed against the boy's forehead, his chant building, Andy trembling and mumbling as if in the grip of a terrible nightmare. Outside the windows, lightening crackles and a terrible wind blows, rain beginning to pound down on the glass with a fearsome force.

CHUCKY

Morteisma, leiu ôe vocuier de meu  
vochette edenlieu Damballa pour  
du boiserie --

## 205 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karen and Mike burst through the fire door, rush down the corridor to the front door of her apartment. She yanks on the door only to find it locked. She beats on it with her fists, screaming her son's name.

KAREN

Andy!

## 206 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky looks up from Andy toward the hallway, momentarily distracted. He hears Karen beating at the door.

KAREN (o.s.)

Andy!

He turns back to the boy, continuing with his chant.

CHUCKY

Comieo liue de vochette du Papalois  
sesoise la Santeria --

## 207 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike pushes Karen out of the way and throws his shoulder against the door with all his might.

## 208 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door smashes off its hinges, Mike falling to the floor, momentarily off-balance. Karen rushes by him down the hallway.

## 209 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky glances up as Karen rushes into the room, and grabs him by both shoulders, yanking him off the semi-conscious Andy. Chucky whirls in midair, grabs her by the hair, and sinks his sharp white teeth into her throat. Screaming, Karen stumbles back, beating at the doll with both hands.

## 210 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike springs to his feet, grabbing his .38 from his shoulder holster, and rushes down the hallway.

## 211 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He bursts into the room to see Karen whirling about, Chucky tearing at her throat. He raises the gun to fire, sees it's useless trying to get a shot off, and rushes forward, grabbing the doll with both hands and tearing it off her. Chucky flies to the floor, bounding to his feet, and scooping up his butcher knife that he's dropped there. He rushes across the floor toward Mike, brandishing the knife, and screaming like a Banshee.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

He whips it across Mike's calf, slashing him badly. With a scream of pain he sinks to his knees. Chucky slams the knife into his shoulder. Clutching at the knife, Mike sinks to the floor moaning. Chucky rushes out of the room in a blur of pumping legs and waving arms, laughing maniacally.

Mike grabs hold of the knife with both hands and biting down hard, pulls it out. Blood darkens his jacket. He grabs his handkerchief, stuffing it underneath his shirt, trying to staunch the bleeding. He looks across the floor at Karen. She is on her hands and knees, ignoring her own pain as she administers CPR to Andy. His little face is blue as she blows air back into his lungs. He coughs, his eyes fluttering open as he rejoins the land of the living.

Mike lurches to his feet, drawing his backup gun, a snubnose nine millimeter, from his ankle holster. He presses it into her hand.

MIKE

Here.

KAREN

(looking at the gun)

What's this for?

MIKE

In case I don't get him.

He turns and staggers toward the hallway, Karen looking after him.

KAREN

Mike, wait. I don't know how to use a gun --

But he's gone around the corner, Andy suddenly gasping for breath, demanding her attention. She turns back to her son.

212 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike stops, looking down the hall. Only two ways the doll could have gone. Into Karen's room or into Andy's. He starts walking, pausing before the closed door to Karen's. He throws it open.

213 INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He flicks on the light, looking about the room. Empty. He painfully gets down on his knees, looking under the bed. Nothing there. There is a noise from the bathroom. He whirls, rises, and heads toward that room.

## 214 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He steps into the bathroom, flicking on the light. All white linoleum and enamel and nothing but silence. Then he hears it. Something coming from behind the shower curtain. Tightening his grip on his pistol, he whips it back. It's just the faucet dripping on a bar of soap. Breathing easier he turns and steps out of the room.

## 215 INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He crosses the room toward the hall.

## 216 INT. HALL - NIGHT

He stops in the hall, staring toward the partially open door to Andy's room. In there, Chucky has to be in there. He limps down the hall toward Andy's room.

He passes the door to the linen closet. It's ajar. He stops, looking at it. Maybe in there. Maybe Chucky is in there. He whips it open.

## 217 INT. LINEN CLOSET - NIGHT

Mike peers at the shelves rising to the ceiling and the cleaning utensils on the floor. Nothing. He turns back toward the door to Andy's room.

## 218 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chucky suddenly throws off the sheets and towels that had hidden him, rearing up behind him on a high shelf in the linen closet. Andy's baseball bat is in his hand. Mike hears him, but too late. He spins just as the baseball bat comes crashing down on the back of his head. He drops to the floor, badly stunned, his gun flying out of his hand. Chucky leaps off the shelf onto Mike's back, lifting the bat, about to strike. A shot rings out. A hole is blown in his leg, blood and cloth stuffing flying as he's knocked off his feet. He twists onto his stomach, looking up. Karen stands in the hallway, Mike's smoking gun in her hand.

KAREN

Take that, you little bastard!

She aims it at Chucky, pulling the trigger again. The gun jams, the trigger refusing to pull. A slow grin spreads across Chucky's plastic face.

CHUCKY

What's wrong? Gun jam?

With a maniacal laugh, Chucky springs to his feet, racing down the hallway toward her, swinging his bat wildly. Karen jumps back into the living room.

219 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky turns the corner into the room, the bat held high in hands. Karen steps out from wall, slamming the fireplace poker with all her might into his chest. He goes flying across the room, slams into a wall, and hits the floor with a hard thud. He lays there, momentarily stunned. Karen drops the poker, rushing to the fireplace and turning on the gas.

Behind her, chucky's baby blues suddenly snap open and he looks up at her with a snarl.

CHUCKY

Bitch!

He struggles to his feet as she grabs the fireplace screen and dashes toward him. Just as he stands, she slams into him with screen, carrying him across the room and into the fireplace. She stops there, her back against the screen, holding him in place as her hands desperately search the hearth for the matches. Inside the fireplace, Chucky goes crazy, screaming and hurling himself against the screen, trying to break free, screaming obscenities at her.

Her hand grabs a box of matches. She fumbles one out, striking it to life, the yellow flame leaping into the air. Within the fireplace, Chucky suddenly sees what she intends, backing as far away from her as he can, forced to a halt against the back wall of the fireplace. He looks at her, his baby blue buttony eyes wide with fear.

CHUCKY

No --

KAREN

(grinning wildly)

Yes!

She flips the lit match pass the screen into the fireplace. It hits the doll, Chucky exploding into flames, a living plastic torch. He opens his mouth wide in a blood curdling scream. Karen jams a piece of wood against the screen to hold it in place, and backs away from the fireplace as the flames catch on the wood and kindling, the entire hearth going up in a raging blaze.

Within the fireplace, the burning doll goes crazy, throwing himself against the screen, bounding off it again and again. Karen stands across the room, watching with horrid fascination as the doll is slowly consumed by flames. Suddenly he heaves himself with maniacal force against the screen, busting it loose in an explosion of fiery embers. Chucky, a flaming torch, steps out into the living room. He looks at her, laughing wildly.

CHUCKY

See? I told you. Nothing can kill me!

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

He starts toward her, his flaming arms held out to give her a kiss of death. Karen pulls out Mike's gun, aiming it at Chucky in desperation and pulling the trigger repeatedly, the gun refusing to work. The doll smiles through the flames.

CHUCKY (Cont.)

It doesn't work. Remember?

The gun suddenly goes off, the bullet catching him in the shoulder, blowing his arm off. The burning arm goes whirling across the room and lands on the sofa, setting it afire. Chucky ignores it, snarling at her and continuing to advance with only one arm. Steadying her aim, Karen fires again and again and again, the bullets hitting the doll repeatedly, finally blowing off a leg. Chucky crashes to the floor, the flames beginning to die and just lick at his body now. He grins up at her and begins to drag himself one-armed across the floor toward her. Karen backs up, aiming the gun again only to hit a footstool, stumbling back and striking her head against the leg of a chair as she hits the floor. Momentarily stunned, she's helpless as Chucky crawls to her, pulling his butcher knife out and raising it to strike down at her breast.

220 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack Santos and several patrolman come bursting out of the elevator, rushing down the hallway toward the open door to Karen's apartment, Jack yelling at the top of his lungs.

JACK

Mike!

221 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chucky is just about to strike down with the knife when Mike steps out of the hallway behind him, the doll's dropped bat in his hand. He swings with all his might, catching the doll square against the side of the head. Chucky's round plastic head goes flying off, ripped off his body by the force of the blow as Mike sinks to the floor exhausted.

222 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The burning head goes flying into the hallway, striking an armoire, and bounding down the hall just as Jack and the patrolman burst through the door. Chucky's head strikes Jack, Chucky sinking his teeth deep into the back of his ankle. With a scream of pain, the cop goes down, tearing at the head, trying to rip it free.

## 223 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Karen shakes her head to clear it, looking up at Mike. He leans against the wall, blood running down his leg from the knife wounds. He manages to smile at her. She smiles back. He pushes himself erect, crossing to the sofa and beating out the flames. She looks at Andy. He's sitting up, looking at her, not quite sure where he is. She crawls to him, taking him in her arms and holding him tight.

KAREN

It's all right, Andy, it's all right.

Behind her the headless one armed, one-legged doll torso sits up, the body turning toward her, drawn by the sound of her voice. It starts to crawl toward her. Mike looks up from the couch, sees what is happening but is too far away to reach her in time.

MIKE

Karen, behind you!

She turns to see the headless torso pushing itself across the floor toward her, the knife in its hand. She calmly picks up the gun and aims it directly at Chucky's heart as the headless torso rises up to strike at her.

KAREN

Fuck you, you little prick.

## 224 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The head suddenly lets loose of Jack, rolling to a stop a few feet away, the mouth suddenly speaking loud enough for Karen to hear.

CHUCKY

No, don't shoot me. I'm your friend to the end, remember.

## 225 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KAREN

Yeah, sure. And this is the end, friend!

She pulls the trigger, the bullet blowing a hole in Chucky's chest right where his human heart is. Blood flies as the doll slams back against a wall and sinks to the ground, dead, smoke still rising off his charred body.

## 226 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

In the hallway, Chucky's head speaks one last time.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

CHUCKY

I love you. Hidey ho, ha-ha-haaaaaaa

It runs down like a broken record ending in silence. The eyes slam shut one last time, Jack staring at it in horror.

227 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike draws Karen up in his arms, hugging her and Andy tightly, Karen hugging him back, Andy looking back and forth happily between the two of them, not quite sure what's happened, but liking it.

DISSOLVE TO:

228 INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A COP is putting the pieces of Chucky up on a shelf. One arm, one leg, the torso and head. Jack Santos watches.

JACK

That little fucker's alive.

The cop stares at the blacked head of the doll. The eyes are gone, just two empty sockets staring out at him. A fly lands in one of them, crawling about.

COP

Are you kidding me? This thing was never alive and even if it was, it sure as hell isn't now.

JACK

I tell you it's alive. I can feel it.

COP

Come on, I'll buy you a drink --

He grabs Jack, hustling him out of there, turning off the light, plunging the room into darkness. He closes the door behind them. Nothing is heard but the fly buzzing about.

Then suddenly a hand slap. The buzzing stops. Complete silence.

FADE OUT:

THE END